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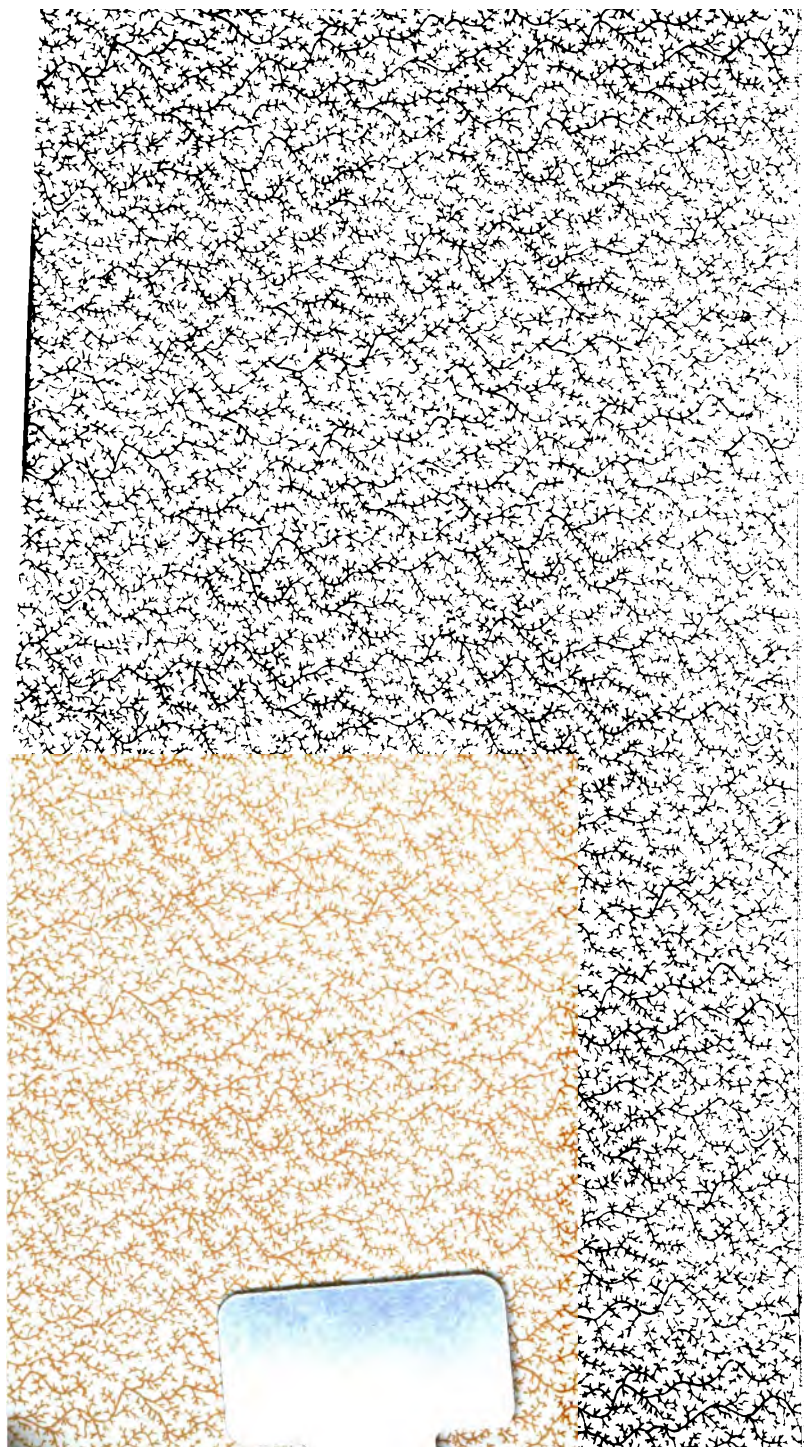
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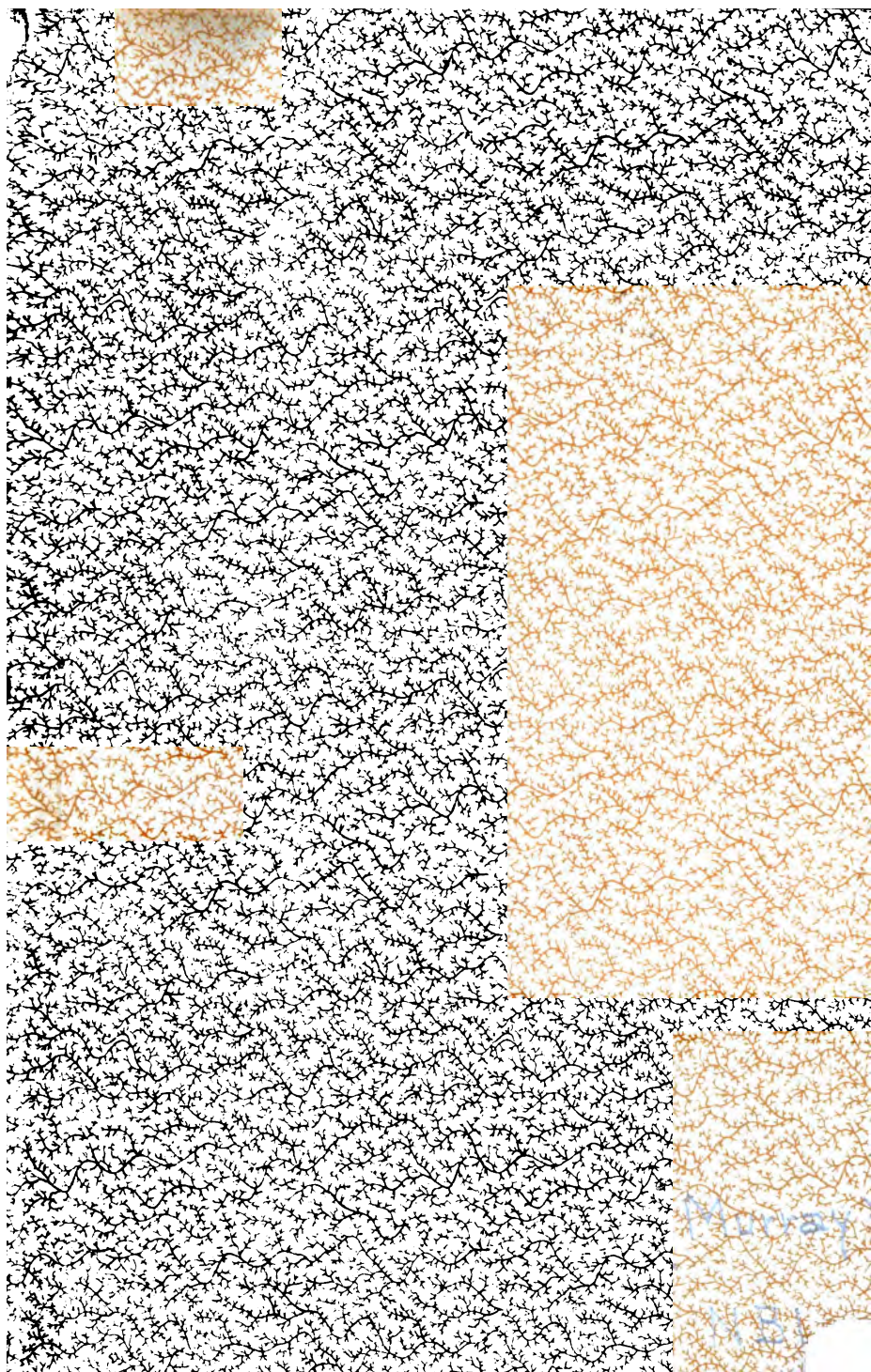
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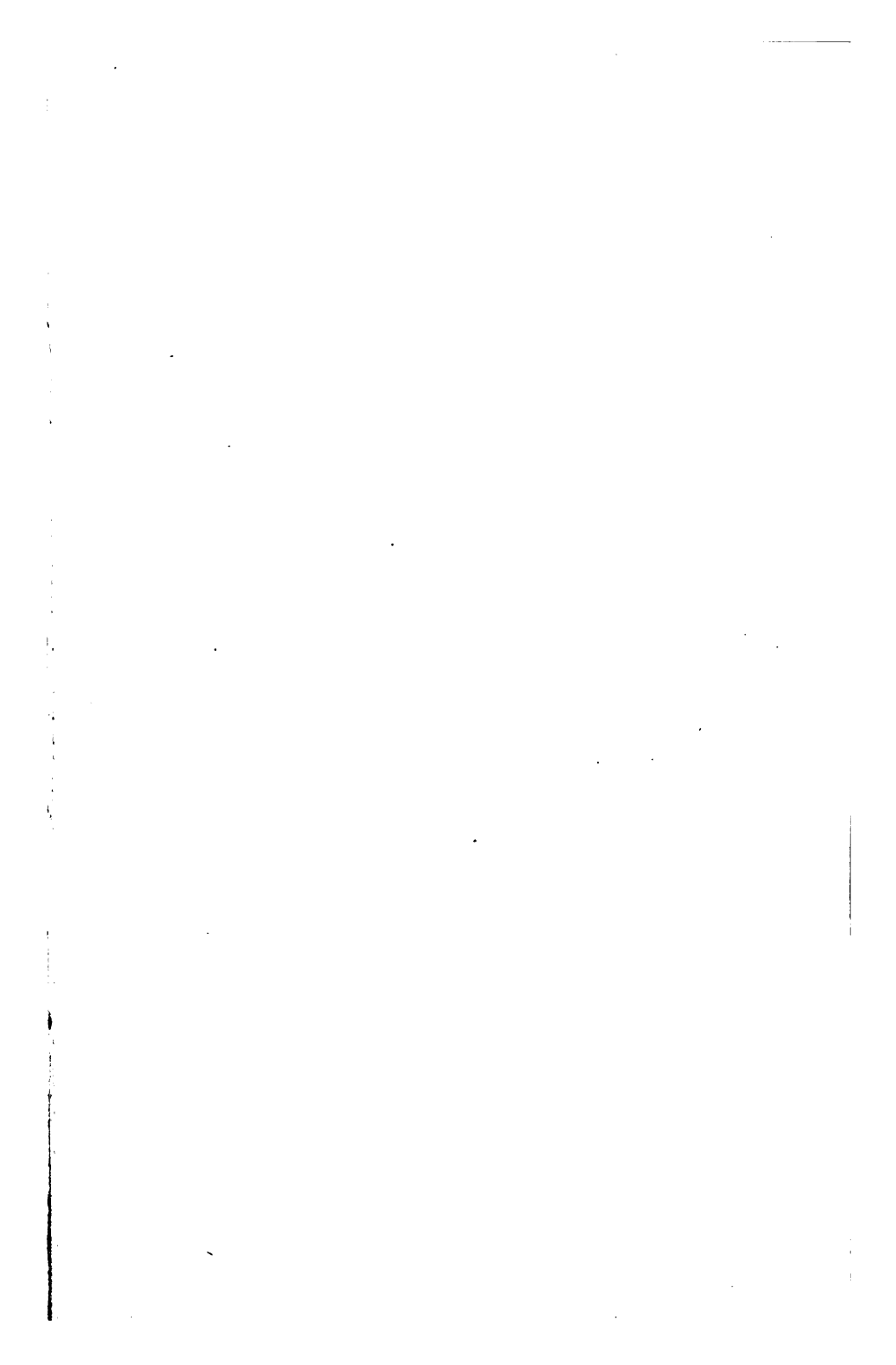
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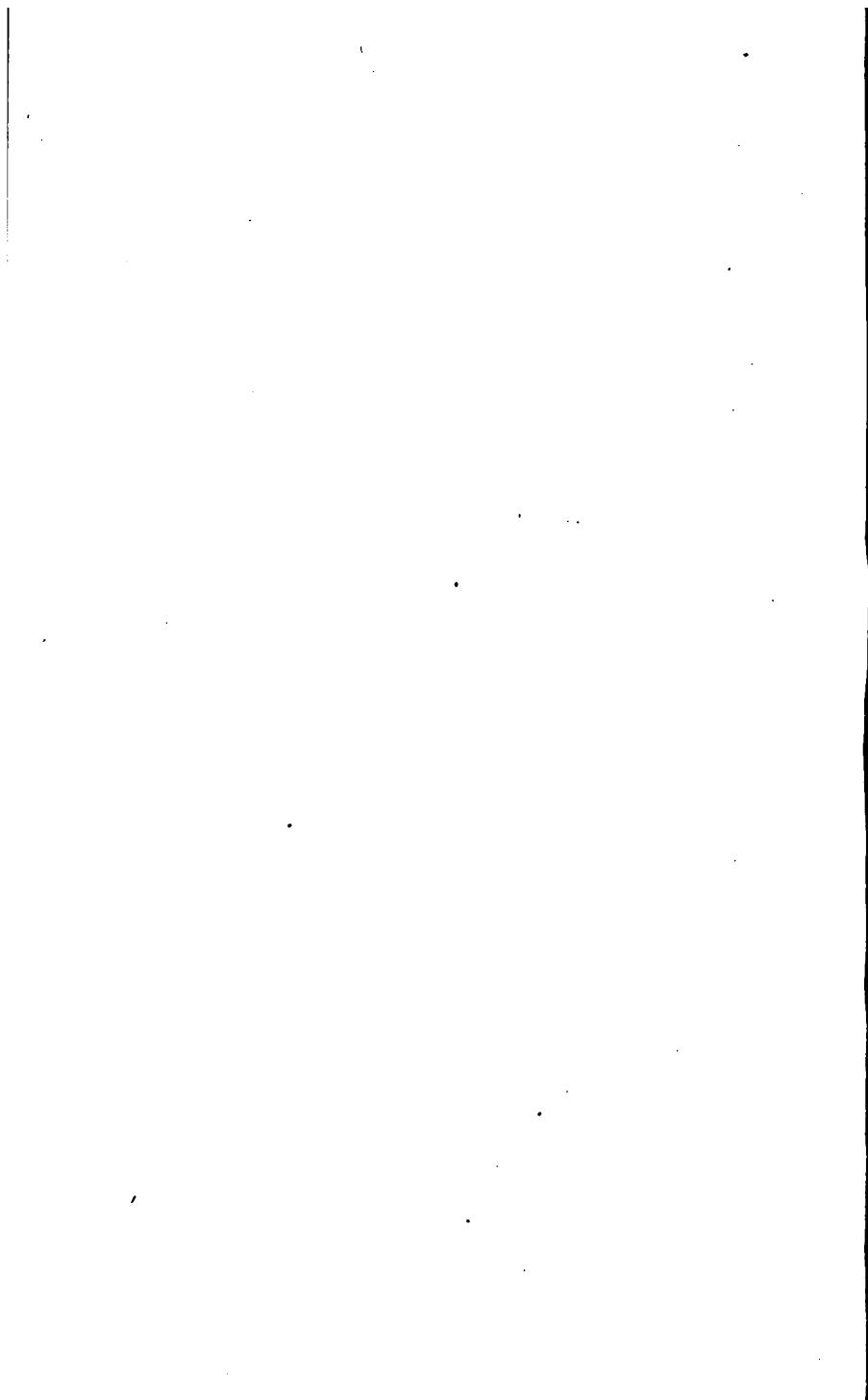




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VITAL THOUGHTS

AND

· OTHER POEMS

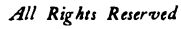
BY

JOHN CHICK MURRAY



THE GORHAM PRESS
BOSTON

1904



Vital Thoughts.

TO MY MOTHER

TO WHOSE MIND AND HEART AND HANDS

I OWE SO MUCH, I

LOVINGLY AND GRATEFULLY

INSCRIBE THE FOLLOWING POEM.

THE
POEM
IS
HERE
REPRODUCED
FOR
THE
PURPOSE
OF
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PROEM.

Now, to the mighty literary sea,
Whose tides so long have grandly ebb'd and flow'd
On the far-stretching shores of time and change,—
Now agitated by a tidal swell
Of some great heart and nobly stirring mind,
Surging in potent splendor far and wide,
And casting on the sands of centuries,
Its shining gems and pearls of hallowed worth;
Now by some lesser, yet a worthy force,
Whose billows move in measured majesty
In all directions o'er the throbbing deep,
Until along the divers' distant shores,
Forever broke against the rocks of time;
And now by a still lesser influence
'Tis moved, and on its ample surface bears
The little ripples, sparkling sweetly through,
And, least of all, its bubbles and its foam—
To this I add my contribution now,
And if it's but a bubble, soon 'twill burst
And vanish on the surface where it formed,
Nor reaching the contending sands and rocks.
Not in the shadow of academies,
Not in the shade of laurels and diplomas,
Were formed the trifles that I now submit,
But they were framed beneath the heavenly dome
Of Nature's blesséd school and theatre;
Here in this mighty temple and divine,
I found the pith and passion of my song:

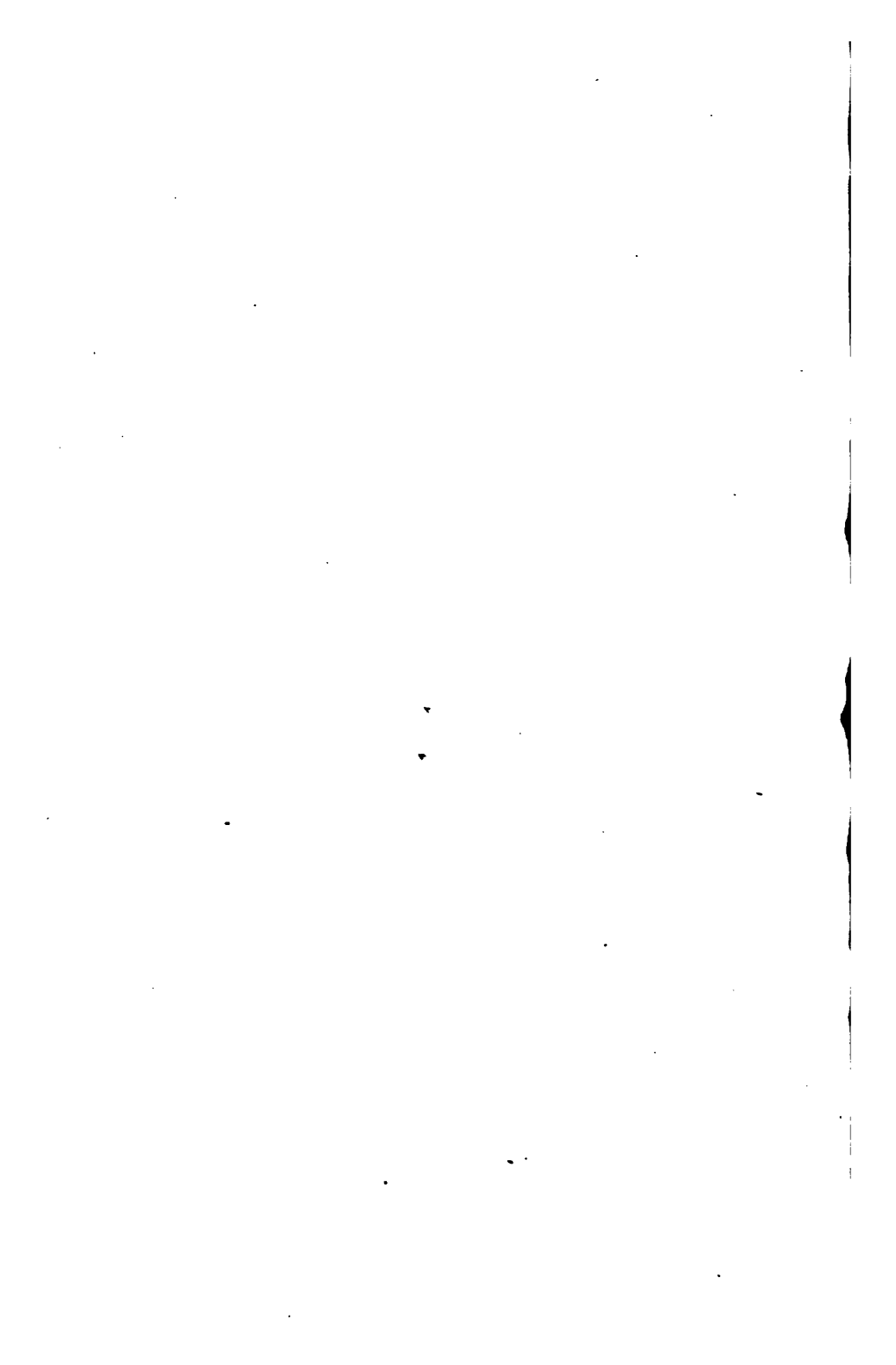
Amid her sacred and unnumbered scenes,
Whence God illustrates to the world his love;
Amid her earth, her ocean and her skies,
Her firm-based rocks below, her stars above,
Her mighty voices and her sweetest hush,
Her flooding mornings and her fading eves,
Her noontide glory and her midnight awe,
Her babbling waters and her blooming flowers,
Her rural voices and her stately plows,
Her ever varying seasons and their hues—
Soul-painting hues and heaven-ordain'd wealth :
Amid her aspirations in my soul,
Her deathless memories and darling hopes,
Her wing'ed fancies, raptures and her tears,
Her brother love and sympathy divine,
Her disappointments and her sore defeats,
The kindred circles and the sacred ties,
The swaddling raiment and the winding robe ;
'Mid ruminations on this present sphere
And anxious visions of the world to come—
Here woven was the texture of my lay.

And of this great preceptress 'twere my aim
That ever my endeavors worthy prove;
True to her thoughts and pictures in my brain,
True to her noble passions in my breast.
And it has been my proud ambition, too,
To sing as worthy of the land I love—
The land of glory, Washington, renown ;
To sing as worthy of its blazing past,
Its present pride and future infinite ;
Worthy the patriots and heroes who
Drove vaunting Tyranny from all our shores,
Framed the grand structure of our liberty,

PROEM

And guard the portals of our glory now;
To sing as worthy of the many homes,
Whose underpinning holds our nation's pride,
Whose light alone can people Freedom's world;
To make the light of my poor pencil's fire
Peer the affections and the hopes of friends—
For this my brain has ached, my heart has thrilled.

But if in all these worthy aims I fail,
After so many holy truths and blessings
Are scattered at my feet, and on the walls
Of Nature's galleries such splendors hung;
And after God has planted in my soul
The noble yearning and the thrill of love,
And every passion to adore his works—
If my achievements still unworthy be,
No apology I dare or deign to give,
No pitying favor or dissembling smile
Of strangers, friends or kindred I implore,
But urge you censure as the heart may feel,
And boldly too—not like the flattering morn,
To guild my failure with excusing light,
Not in the frowning phase of scorning clouds,
Not in the shrinking gaze of parting suns,
But in the manly guise of noble storms
And purifying lightnings, that ye purge
The dross, and keep your country's music pure.



VITAL THOUGHTS
BOOK FIRST

VITAL THOUGHTS.

BOOK FIRST.

Awake, my soul, and give thy powers to song;
Thus long though stifled, vent thy growing fires;
Mount up, and, on thy arduous mission bent,
Begin thy labors. From thy Delphian seat,
Apollo, girt with all the sacred Nine,
With buoyant vigors fledge my tender wing,
That I may soar life's ponderous glooms above.
And Thou, the prime and grandest Muse of all;
Whose music is the harmony of spheres;
Within whose bosom the foundations lie
Of Helicon and of Parnassus; Thou,
Eternal Origin and Providence;
The Oracle of oracles; upbear
And light me through the task I now essay.
Light me not only through this changeful scene,
Empowering me life's proper paths to point,
Life's upward, onward progress to the grave,
But pierce thy light that darksome shadow through,
And give me glimpses of eternity.
Descend with all thy boundless influence;
First, every conceit eradicate,
All aims ignoble, all presumptuous will,
Alike all insubstantial fears and doubts,
Far banish from me, that I may pursue
Firm onward in the light that I receive.

Thou spirit of Immortal Truth, descend;
Remove the lowering of life's little season,
That I may see thy husbandry of man;
In the plantation of humanity,
Aid me man's slow development observe
Amid the weeds of misery and error;
Amid the shades of death and suns of birth,
From the first sowing to the final harvest,
When in perfection's harmony matured.

WHAT IS LIFE.

- What is this being? what its charm and worth?
Has it a restitution for its woe?
For all its heavy cares and burdens borne;
For all its wretchedness, chagrin and tears;
All its malignity and slanders keen;
Its ignominy, lashing every shore,
Its fearful morrows, wretched yesterdays,
Whose setting suns still look us into pain,
Detained on the horizon by remorse?
Has in it all its little span to pay
The sleepless fever of its worrying nights,
Each seeming longer far than all its joy?
Worth traveling its journey, e'en so short,
The little distance laying 'tween two wombs,
The womb of woman and the womb of earth?
Viewed in one sense, how meagre all appears!
How failing all! with no returning crop
To pay its toils, unless upon the grave
'Tis harvested; unless its autumn winds
Be death's hard breathings; and the repining suns.

LIFE COMPARED WITH ETERNITY AND PERFECTION.

The glaz'd eyes. Thus poor and vain is life,
When with perfection and eternity,
Its fleeting hours and errors are compared.
But such comparison is wrong and vain :
'Twere like comparing darkness with the light ;
Noon's fiery brightness with the pitchy gloom ;
Felicity with pain, hope with despair ;
Nothing with all creation, death with life ;
But in the estimation of this life ;
In all its expectation and its hope,
Perfection reasonably has no place ;
For in all human efforts she has none,
Existing only in a name and word :
Ten letters frame her house, and that is all
Of her we see, herself we never knew.
Man steals her name to advertise his works ;
Profanes her dwelling with his rubbish poor,
Hoping his theft with promises to veil.
If man were perfect, then he were not man ;
If life were perfect, then it were not life.

ETERNITY.

And then eternity! where is its place?
The answer is, 'tis in eternity.
Eternity's itself, and in itself ;
A boundless bulk split by the wedge of life.
In all attempts its nature to define,
Reason is paralyzed ; comparison,
The soul of reason, has no entrance here ;
And imagination e'en—who 'mong the spheres
Is wont to dwell, and o'er immensity,
Track paths of countless worlds, that interweave

The monogram of dread infinity—
With nestling wings and trembling crouches low.

TAKE LIFE AS IT IS.

So let us take this being as it is;
Not as Perfection and Eternity;
Not thorough woe, nor unalloyed delight;
Joy is a day enshackled to a night;
Tears is the dew that follows that same day;
Or stars with lustre borrowed from the same;
Or little waterfalls along the stream
Of memory, from pleasure's mountain springs.
If pain were all and man had never known
The sweets of pleasure, pain were natural,
And were life's element and happiness.
So life is clearly pain and pleasure mixed,
Dependent on each other, all on both;
These are the raw materials supplied,
From which to manufacture a success.
With them fill up the mind's repositories,
And then our thoughts, revolving as they go,
Amid these mystic stores, collecting all,
May round a worthy sphere of life at last.

LIFE'S ORIGIN.

Life's origin, unsolved, unsolvable,
It nothing 'vails to try to penetrate
That mystery unmerged; it is the sea,
Yet unexplored, and unexplorable.
The craft of thought has never found its way,
Back through the fogs to life's primeval shore;
My vessel dares not leave her harborage;
She groans and labors even in her haven,
So many well 'quipped voyages have been tried,

But unsuccessful to return again;
Stately and mighty ships whose bowsprits move,
In awful pride, above my humble pennant.
How could their efforts more than failure prove?
The compass such imperial barges steers,
Must have its magnets in the poles of life,
And thus directing ever toward this world.
No heavenly star is there illuming through
The blinding mists, to lead such mariners.
How can life analyze and know itself,
Back to its birth retrace the growth of thought?
'Tis thought exploring thought, by adding thought;
Learning its chemistry by increasing it;
'Twas thought at first, 'tis only thought at last.
'Tis like discovering the nucleus,
By winding on the surface of the ball;
'Tis like the sun learning his parentage;
The kindling brands of his immortal fire;
Or this revolving earth inquiring whence
Her molecules, and how they were ensphered.

NATURE'S SIMPLE TRUTH.

But Nature has one simple truth to tell:
Illiterate and learned, the civilized
And savage, profit in the same degree;
The simplest and the grandest thing around,
Alike reveal one dread Supremacy;
Argue one infinite Preeminence,
Impressing every creature with a sense
Of infinite inferiority.
Each quickly learns to feel himself a child,
And climb his Mother's lap in love and awe;
She whispers in a thousand gracious voices
And tells him of his Sire and destiny;

She points him to his little ray of life,
Tells him it issued from the Immortal Light,
And as that Light enduring, it will be.
Such is the little granted man to know,
And all alike this simple lesson learn.
One little glance around us tells it all;
A human life of study tells no more.
Thus learned at once, upon the Chaldean hills,
The simple shepherd as he watched the stars;
Thus, too, the wretched Native, isolate,
As he the sky and ocean views unmerged;
And thus, and only thus, did Socrates,
Newton and Galileo ascertain
All learned to fear, to wonder and to hope.
Savage and sage upon an equal stand.

THE HUMAN SOUL.

This life is fitted out with mystery.
That mystery is called the human soul.
This is the charter, the certificate;
Required passport on the voyage of reason;
Her advertisement and her trial stock;
The passive camera receiving all,
And miniaturizing living nature round;
Kind of detectives, who arrives to cull
The facts of life, and prosecute her case.
It is the little mystery, conjoined
With workings of all natural energies,
In faithful, close cooperation, bound
With nature all, that builds the temple man,
With all its warming furnace fires of heart,
And its majestic dome of towering mind.
Such is the little, only light we have
To penetrate the mystery of man.

VITAL THOUGHTS

7

We know not life; we only know its aim,
And th' many methods in pursuing it;
This is the text of all that can be said
Of that vague book, eternity its lids,
Prologued and epilogued by birth and death.

LIFE'S HAPPINESS IS HOPE.

Life's aim is happiness from first to last;
The one incessant object of all care;
The focus of all wishes and all toil;
'Tis like a show-window into the soul,
That views its hopes in pleasing colors hung,
Without the means of purchasing the least.
Yet happiness is often thought to be
Hopes overtaken; the realizing joy,
Of having what we have so long pursued.
But is it thus? what soul is satisfied,
When hopes are realized, to hope no more?
What soul could live when every hope is caught,
With nothing in advance to feed the chase?
The great enchantment ever lies afar.
The nearness robs the charm of its delight.
'Tis when it's held in distance's vague enthrall,
The blemishes and vanity obscured,
That pleasure shows in most alluring phase.
Life's pleasure is to hope, and not to have;
To have is in the present, and how short!
Foundationed only on a passing point,
Space unperceivable between the past
And the eternal future uninscribed—
A future ever coming, never come.
To hope is in the future, and how long!
It is as long as life; it is the life.

And thus, not only does the future life,
But this, lies ever in a world beyond.

THE PATHS OF HAPPINESS.

How many paths for happiness are trod!
They thread this life, bisecting everywhere
Each other, forming a perplexing scene,
Whence tangled is the purer joy of life;
Or whence are its more noble features veiled.
These paths in every direction run,
Yet all for expected happiness pursued;
Tending toward the same, yet not the same.
'Tis all for happiness, but ah, the kinds!
How many species in that family!
An endless mixture; scarce a thoroughbred.
These paths through many mediums extend:
Thin scattered are the travelers in some;
In others more, and others darkly thronged:
The path through vanity is densely filled;
'Tis the grand thoroughfare of human life:
The path through wisdom shows a very few;
Through virtue, a few more; the path through vice
Is ever well-worn down; while that through crime
Is ever used, and can't be discontinued.
Many are hurrying toward this golden goal
Through pomp and power; through greatness, very
few;
Through glory, some; and many more through shame.
The road through ignorance is ever full;
While all these paths are leading, more or less,
Through sin and error.

MAN UNCHANGED.

Such is human life,
Or rather th' outline and epitome;
Thus mortal were while we have mortal known.

The principles and elements of man
Are still unchanged as are the mighty powers
That made him; happiness was e'er his aim,
And selfishness his all incentive force.
Learning and civilization have increased
The theme with problems, forms and questions new,
While still the founding axioms remain.
Reason and history unwind the threads
Of mortal life, and, nearing though the core,
But little difference through all discern,
Save toward the core 'tis little coarser spun.
Amid the folds of ages as we search,
Of this unfailing evidence appears;
How clearly visible the paths of strife,
Where blood together seals the folded parts!
There, too, the blazonry of power is shone;
Humility and suffering as now;
The pride of beauty and the thrill of love;
A glory, grace or virtue, now and then.

THE TRUE HAPPINESS.

Of all the aspirations of this world;
Its resolutions formed, endeavors wrought,
Which leads to purest happiness secure?
A happiness nor dimmed nor overthrown,
In life's incessant battle with her foes;
With all affliction's dread artillery,
And that of all his numberless allies,
As sickness, grief, disaster and despair,
Turned squarely on her single-handed powers.
What happiness such forces can repulse?
And when the final enemy appear;
When Death commands his skirmish line of ills
Fall back and clear the sick-bed for the field

Of conflict, and athwart the draperies,
He leads his ghastly columns to the slow,
Determined charge (deep on his banners black,
Enstamped the coffin and the sepulchre,
Dear ones bereaved and wailing circled round)
What power has human heart to meet the charge
Of thus o'erwhelming horrors, undismayed?
Such power there is, and on its bosom nursed,
A joy triumphant; clearly to portray
Its blessed being and its grand reward,
Is the sublimest theme of poesy:
Itself is poetry, as every theme
Of poetry should be, else 'twere a bark
O'er canvased, and the hull and all engulfed.
This is the worthiest task that 'waits the lyre.
Thus were employed the lofty, mighty few
Who rang the awful tones of ages past,
Robing this grandest and immortal theme
With all magnificence and glory due;
Thus best can poesy her efforts yield.
Thus best e'en my inferior muse employed,
If over all the globe of truth remain
One little islet, undiscovered still,
To her accessible. Inspiring gods!
Fain is my wish, humbly imploring ye
The streamy vigors from your fountains pour,
Refreshing moisture lending to my thoughts;
And on their sterile vales some verdure grow.

STRIFE FOR POWER.

There is an interest and mournful lore,
Watching a world of human beings strive
For happiness they think in power obtained.
Mark with what resolution they contend;

And with what persevering valor, they
Climb heights of 'vantage over brother man!
And, when this fancied elevation reached,
With what a proud, inhuman glare they view
Fortune's unfavored groveling below!
Advantage shows the nature of the man:
Beyond phrenology, beyond the powers
Of phsiognomy, it tells the soul;
Before anatomy and surgery,
The delicate, keen-pointed instruments
Of 'vantage find the heart, and lay it bare.
Vice must await its opportunity,
As virtue must; but when it does appear,
We learn which waits; advantage is the badge
And warrant of the devil or the saint.
As human as the crimson blood of life,
The dominant propensities prevail.
Mankind, although so trivial and weak,
(Dust floating in a little ray of hope)
Have proved the direst bane, the darkest woe,
To one another, while they blindly strove
To reach the jewel of supremacy:
The grand mistake is locating the prize;
They think it beams from honor's lofty heights,
And that they soar in following the goal;
While its true place is ever sunk beneath,
Deep in the mines of inhumanity,
Where they must dig, unceasing in descent,
And unreturning, though the prize be found.

AN ATLAS.

The past appears a fading atlas, where
Are traced Ambition and his prompting force,
Intrigue, Revenge, Envy and Jealousy—

On through his fiercely fought campaigns to power:
The many lines and colorings on this map,
Locate and tell the nature of his crimes:
Its longitude is from eternity;
Its latitude from justice ascertained,
On either side, by shortning parallels
Of man's contracting and degrading soul;
All o'er this map, the little dottings show
Unnumbered homes, wretched and desolate
Made by Ambition's madly savage hand;
The Rocky, Ural, Himalaya chains,
Are piled up crimes and grave inhuman deeds;
The rivers, lakes and seas are formed of blood;
The paths of murder, carnage, conflagration,
Are clearly atlased in a crimson hue;
The bloody block, with usurpation foul,
The fall of Peace and Justice, are preserved
And located full faithfully in black;
The blot of slavery extends o'er all,
Colored by blended sweat, and tears, and blood;
While round this mournful and promiscuous view,
The rugged coast but shows where weakness braved
A little farther into power's domain—
The ocean which surrounds and crumbles all.

TRUE POWER.

Yet, spite of all this darkly annalled past,
Despite these loathsome records, mortal still,
Still struggles on to gain the heights of power,
As 'twere the only path to happiness.
They struggle on as in the days of old,
Renewing ever, and retreading down,
Half-verdured paths, by former idols trod;
The same misleading selfishness prevails;

Same blind ambition and inhuman greed.
Oh! when will mortal man perceive the truth?
When will he know his place? life's glory know?
When will he know the very wish for power,
Portrays its condemnation in its face?
The wish itself is crime, when fondly nursed.
Man has but one to govern; that is self;
Which, rightly governed, shows his highest powers,
His sweetest, greatest, purest happiness.
Ambitious man! when will he clearly see
That every human creature has a throne,
Built and raised thereon by hands divine;
That he will ever have full powers to reign,
Nor ever be deposed but by himself?
Who justly rules the kingdom of the flesh;
Who quells and arbitrates conflicting passions,
Maintaining peace with all the world around,
Pleasant relations with the Powers above,
Through the true ministers of Humility
And Veneration; who thus nobly rules,
Must be the grandest monarch of this world;
For this small sphere of flesh and passion's fire,
Is more to rule than mightiest kingdoms are.

SOURCE OF POWER.

And what is power? where is its worthy aim?
What power has power to mortal elevate?
What has it loftier than manhood's grace?
See Power's creator; on what he subsists;
And how sustained on his imagined heights;
See chance and heritage serve as the rounds
By which he climbs his pinnacle of pride;
And see of what that pinnacle is formed,
To hold him when its summit is attained:—

A noisy, anxious, servile volume surging
Demanding benefits, preferments, meeds,
In payment of their sympathy and aid,
Else down his mount of glory crumbles all.
He is the slave above, they slaves beneath;
And all in mutual dependence on
Servility, corruption, loss of virtue;
Thus he, so grandly great, how meanly small!

THE WEAKNESS OF THE GREAT.

Thus see the great, the chosen gather power;
Poor insects swarmed round vanity's pale lamp,
Weak infants climbing up the lap of Pride,
Hallowed and glorious to their little souls;
Scorned or unnoticed by the truly great;
Thus see them plead for greatness, as if that
Immortal quality were found in votes,
Or carried in the pockets or the tongues
Of other flatterers and sycophants,
To buy, or sell, or barter, at a word.
How far beneath the gaze of noble men—
Whose prospect is mankind, not petty gains—
This thoughtless swarm of human beings strive!
How ignorant are they of honor's lore!
Their ear those pleading whippers never wooed,
Whence Honor's lips her master truths convey,
So cherished in her casket, (Heaven-lined,
And hallowed in her happiness and pride)
Meek, noble, honest, ever faithful man,
And fitted for an equatorial zone,
To gird, in sympathy, this erring world.

THE VOLUME OF THE PAST.

Ye who so fondly dream of happiness,
As an unfailing consequence of power;
A happiness substantial and secure;
Serene, availing ever; ye should ask
The world's sublimest oracle, the past.
Turn o'er the past's dim volume, to the page
Where Cæsar 'nd Pompey shine in rival pride;
Pursue this page: the grand exordium past,
Each glorious period and climax round;
Pass o'er the blots, till, at the bottom, note
Ambition's one too many dash conclude
The theme, too dazzling, with defeat and death.
Turn over then to Xerxes' ample page;
And note how similar, power's greedy page!
A flourish and a fall; blood, usurpation:
With Salamis and Artabanas last.
Turn then to Cyrus, synonym august
Of mighty Persia; the proud vanquisher
Of Lydia, and Babel's awful pride,
And see his power vanish as he falls,
Soon lost forever in his streaming blood.
And scarce more potent, even Solomon
Appears to prove power's lasting happiness.
Sad picture! once the world's imposing god;
Once the oriental sun that dazzled earth:
Soul of the east (that casket of the earth,
And noon-tide of the past) e'en he must fall;
And though the assassin and his vanquishers
Forbore his blood, more agony than death,
To pine in manhood's loss and glory's fall.
See Scotland's regal line; the line of fate;
Where tragedies crowd variously throughout,

From infancy to woman's peerless charms.
Turn then to London's "Tower;" reflecting, pause.
Hypothesis funeral and stern,
Of all that ever lighted up the eye,
Or warmed the heart, of man! Oh, witness grim!
Its sombre testimony, take it in.
List at its awful doors, and understand
The tragic language; list the weary sighs—
The vent of years of anguish, darkly pent
Within its ponderous bosom, and perceive
The muffled agonies that leave the block,
Still rising from the blood of fallen power.
The last aspirer to the world's one throne,
Napoleon! who now would wish his crown,
Envy his joy, or wear his memory?
Ah, heavy even for the grave to bear!
Garfield and Lincoln! ponder well the theme;
And learn that even virtue may not save.

WHERE HAPPINESS IS FOUND.

From such take admonition; timely hint;
Let wisdom tell where happiness be found;
Whether it be in palaces or cots;
Whether it be in bearing up a state,
Or but a little circle of your own;
Whether 'tis better where a multitude
Of wrangling importunities and threats
Enclose you round, or, scarcely pleasing more,
Alternate flattery and defamation;
Or simple state, where a devoted few
Are happy in your virtue and your care.
Deceive the heart no more; from your own truth,
And your own kindness, gather all your powers.
How simply fashioned are the joys of man!

Can all the shining of obedient eyes
Add one small beam of sunshine to the heart?
Behold the child and be assured of this.
The little cheeks, unwrinkled and how fair!
To red dilation filled with lusty joy,
Almost to bursting through their fair confines;
The eyes now darting full in careless gaze;
Upon those little worlds, no wicked shade
Is thrown from thought's dark midnight in the heart.
See thus, nor power, nor weakness, can insure
A happy state; and that the wondrous few
Who've blest the world with powers but justly used;
The few whose faithfulness to truth, had saved,
(Or rather the great Providential powers)
Their efforts from a tragic destiny,
Found not their happiness in power or rank,
But in the simple thoughts of duty done.
In truth, the man who simply does the right,
Discharges faithfully his toil and trust,
Can have no power; he's but his duty done;
Who cannot do his duty? though so small
And humble be the task, if faithfully
It be performed, he stands enthroned a king.
Power has no power; and lowliness no weakness;
Nor high the throne, nor lowly be the hut;
Each but contains a servant to mankind;
And each demands a man; a toiler true;
The tasks of both are scarcely different:
Both have one master, duty is his name;
Both climbing virtue, wisdom's rising heights,
Toward perfection and eternal God.

SELFISHNESS, STRIFE FOR PRAISE.

Still, selfishness and vanity prevail.
And mark a thoughtless multitude contend,
In mad conceit and jealousy, for fame,—
Another vanity of a vain world.
In hope of praise, how far we miss the truth!
How sad, that hope should so unfaithful be!
How often hope a bold impostor proves!
Oft leading us o'er danger's boundaries,
And haply to its farthest caves of ruin.
We follow this itinerant flatterer,
Faithful in his unfaithful guidance, till
At once he vanishes, and we are lost.
Thus blindly on the numerous army moves,
Madly resolved to scale the fort of Fame.
Closely allied to these are all the crowd
Who use their virtues for the name it gives;
Whose goodness flourishes but while 'tis praised.
O, vanity! Life's glory all reversed!
Scenes painted only for their flowery frames;
Gold-imitated jewels, only wrought
For the fair casket's sake in which they lie;
The body formed to accommodate the dress;
Soul, prized and cherished only for the sake
Of wearing vain and vicious flesh around.
O, vanity! weak mortal! Oh, how puffed!
How self-degrading! and how cheap he toils,
Who founds his efforts on expected name!
Yet ere I half these vanities denounce,
Am half induced, half yielding to their charms;
And feel the passion rising, as I view
Fame, proudly, in her airy castle high,
Unveil her flowery beauties to my eyes,

And beckon to her courts, while promising
To clothe me in the gaze of wondering millions;
And then, when Death would interpose it all,
That she will conquer and disarm the grave,
And o'er his foiled endeavors to complete
That sombre task, unfurl immortal name.
Poor trembling creature! can thus early die
The resolution formed a moment since?
Scattered like autumn leaves, the noble thoughts,
The grand convictions which an hour ago,
So elevated all my nature, raised
My aspirations 'bove the yielding flesh,
Toward that Majesty o'ertowering man?
How noble, oh! how needful, yet how rare,
That majesty in mortal man that stands,
Strong in itself, unswerving in its aim!
Ye Powers above me! yet anon have flowed
Your gracious buoyancy into my soul,
Ye, Wisdom, Firmness, Resolution, come;
Come, now; the pillars of my manhood be.

WHAT IS FAME?

And what is all fame's phantom? but a blur!
Nor satisfying even vanity.
A misty wrap, through which the wearer seems
A little larger, yet how indistinct!
How faithless all proportions it reveals!
And often holds a foul malaria.
Fame! worthy only when it is combined
With worthy deeds; when but the rustling trail
Of Honor's flowing robes; the rising smoke
And cinders of her fires: is this my wish?
Here centered is my soul? or to the future
Are my yearnings bound, and hoping fain

My name may, with the springing verdure, bloom
A summer on my grave? Ah, vainer still!
What is the destiny of human names
That spread a halo round their living dust,
Honored and saw the body's end of time,
Then 'gan their journey through eternity?

DESTINY OF GREAT NAMES.

Think on this mad and awful enterprise.
Times length consider; strive to comprehend;
How soon are we in comprehending lost!
When Time's but half his centuries unwound,
Nay, but a thousandth fraction, where will be
The mighty names we have so oft proclaimed
Eternal, and would float upon the main,
And weather all the billowy years to come?
So long as human barks are summoned from
The mystic depths, and start upon life's voyage,
We've thought their grand proportions would be seen.
Ah! will it thus? Presumption, how absurd!
Where then the awful names of Greece and Rome?
Those of Westminster's hallowed marble, where?
All to the wear of centuries succumbed,
And to the depths gone down whence first they
sprang.

Shakespeare and Caesar little longer float,
But soon they disappear, and all is clear,
Nor e'en the vestige of a wreck remains;
Such is the immortality of fame.
Beside eternity, how trivial!
'Tis but a little footprint round the grave;
Yea, but some vestige of the embryo,
Remaining on the caverns of the womb,

An instant after birth had summoned forth.
'Tis but an echo.

And is it for this
We yearn and toil? Bright ever be our eyes,
And full to gather in the present charms
And blessings, life on every hand bestows;
E'er quick to see, and sensitive to feel,
The blooming flowers and jewels at our feet.
Come, with a passive soul and prying eye,
Survey full deeply the obscure of life:
Here in this curtained quiet and serene,
Soft mid these folds of drapery retired,
What charm and comfort for contentment stored!
The tempests of a warring world o'er rush,
Nor fiercely blow and tear this drapery;
And though the folds may gently flow and shake
To little wandering gusts of fortune, soon
Affection's pure and simple sighs restore
The equilibrium of happiness.

A COTTAGE AND ITS OCCUPANT.

Mark yonder cottage, from whose lowly pane
The lamp a loving mother lighted, shines
Into the dark of evening, o'er the vales!
Approach this quiet scene, where many a year
Has paid his wonted visit, with approach
Of unfeigned kindness and charity,
And with a farewell his departure took,
Not born of style and man's false-heartedness;
Where, too, the changeful seasons have laid down
Their bounties and their blessings, with a will
Unforced, nor with that loftiness and pride,
With which man to his brother man donates.

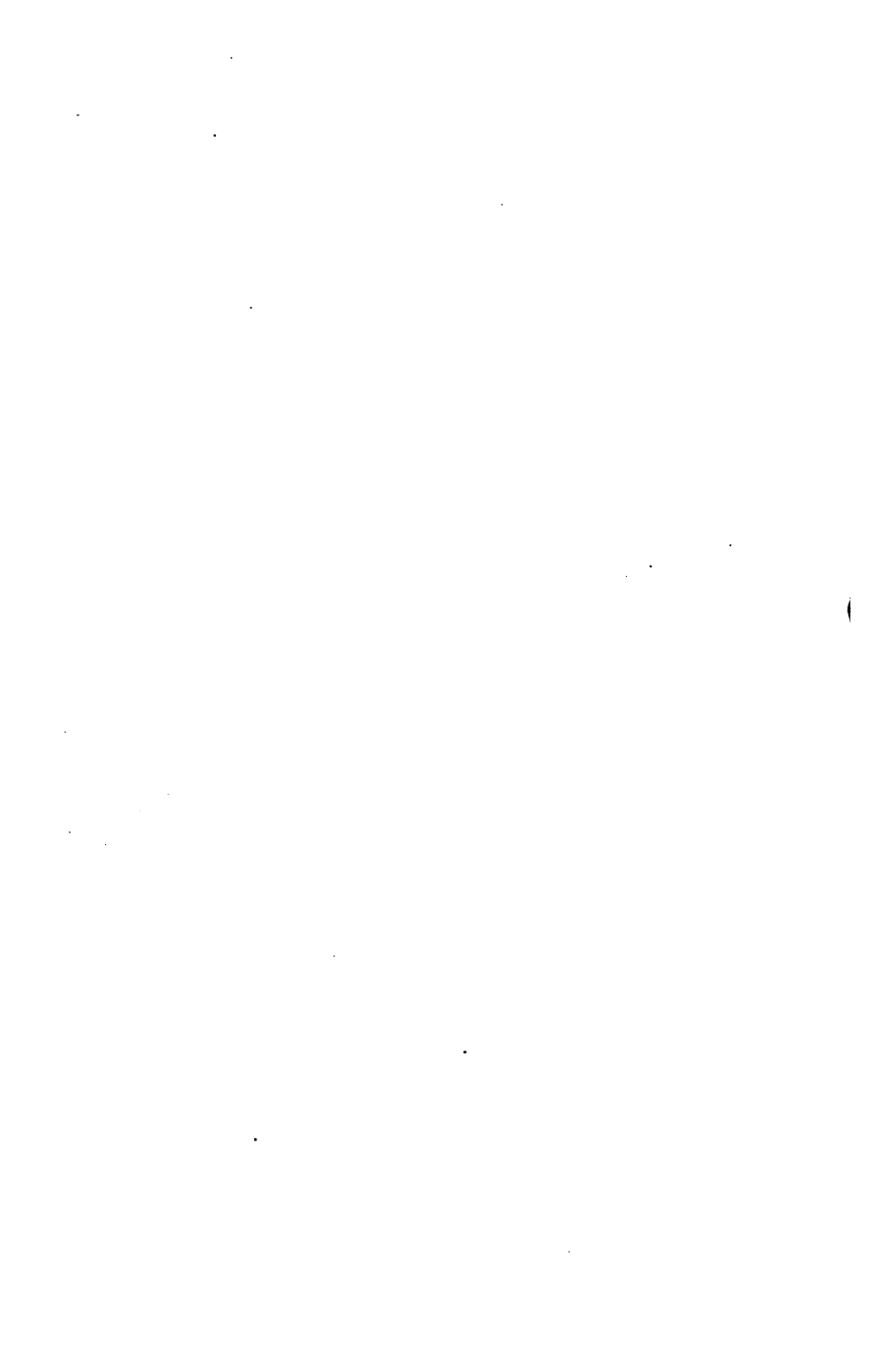
Come nearer, and, this lonely threshold passed,
Observe its occupant, Obscurity,
And elevate thy history from his.
'Twas here, his embryo's short voyage past,
He made the harbor on life's shining morn;
Here has he passed the day; here, too, repose
The mortal of his parents, as will his.
'Tis in the annals of his neighborhood,
His praises shine; no senate ever shook
Before his eloquence; no battlefield
Was by his generalship and valor won;
No grand ovation ever honored him;
No volume holds the rapture of his soul;
No monarch ever gave his smile and praise;
Yet mark the greater honors he receives!
His theatre of eloquence is home,
The noblest kind of eloquence required—
That of more strongly tested truth and heart;
Here Love, with heaving bosom, and with eyes,
Mildly in faith and in affection filmed,
Hangs fondly on each utterance of his.
The battles won by him are those of life;
His vanquished are the tempting vices, broke
Their ranks and scattered in dispersion wide;
The boisterous welcome of his hastening group
Of children, and his partner's faithful smile,
Form his ovation as he home returns;
His soul is volumed in his words and deeds;
His smiling monarch is the Universe.
What though a vain and selfish world deny
Him audience and sympathizing aid,
When Nature's mighty hosts combine to yield
Their presence, all at his disposal free;

When all her noble energies and forms,
In all their thousand phases, far and wide,
Breathe on his senses, building up his soul,
In harmonizing grandeur with her own?
And this is what we call obscurity!
Away, poor world! how inconsiderable!
How immaterial thy empty praise!
How sensitive this weighty earth itself,
E'en while it rolls a careless world around,
To every lightest step and touch of his!
Earth's every portion blesses and regards:
The mountains, on their firm foundations poised,—
The influence of their grand presence yield;
They know him; they're a portion of his soul;
And thus it is of every portion true—
His audience and elevating powers.
Move on vain world; nor is it only these,—
The beautiful and gracious nature here,—
That wait on him: the powers ethereal,
That fabricate this boundless universe;
All those unnumbered worlds, compactly thronged
Within heaven's blue and lofty galleries,
Smile down in radiant sympathy upon
His humble station and his simple toil.
Why should he wish of one small world the praise;
The empty 'proval of a thoughtless throng?
'Twould an intrusion be, and not unlike,
In manhood-raising force, to the pale star,
Pushing its dimness, to increase our light,
Into the fiery precincts of the sun.
Obscurity! where is obscurity?
Though by these rural shadows compassed round,
Though gloom and thickets overhang his paths,
Him and his labor hiding from the world,

Yet, mark the endless travels of his soul!
Imagination's pinions are his own—
Those seraph wings of mortals—and they bear
Him from this selfish region of mankind,
Into the being of his destiny—
The palace of his everlasting King.
While yet before his hearth so blazing free,
His children on his lap and 'bout his neck,
Or with their happy clatter circled round;
While honored thus in body and in heart,
He soars athwart Creation's vast extent,
And, aered on the highest peak of light—
That vergeless web, of worlds and orbits formed,
Spread far beneath him—and, communing thus,
He catches glimpses of his higher being.
And, while about his labor, nature builds
Her cheering fires, and, 'round his peaceful paths,
Entwines her decorating wreaths of flowers;
Genius, yea, even genius, even here,
Entwines about the vital ray of hope,
Her variating flowers adorning bright.
Lastly, and, of all human blessings, best
And highest far, we meet with Wisdom here.
Ah! wisdom! which, in genuine form and pure,
Is not from human eulogy obtained,
Nor from the traversing of distant climes,
Nor in the volumed closet is it born;
But in the faithful arms of Nature reared;
Nor seeming here its origin in all:
Its form peculiar must have lived before,
And only by its careful Father laid
On generation's pillow to repose,
And sleep a little nap. Wisdom! the sun of soul!
That lights man to himself, his weakness shows,

His station poor, and lighting onward still,
Up guides him toward the highest goal of man;
If envy has a place, I'll centre it
Upon obscurity endowed by thee.

BOOK SECOND



BOOK SECOND.

Come, Thought, awake; and at the helm again;
This exploration, let it be renewed,
Now since that calm and faithful seaman, Rest,
Has crept my strained and broken cordage o'er,
(So strained from buffeting the stormy passions,
And raging errors of life's foggy seas)
And, mending all the stays, made firm the top,
Replaced the pennant, and repaired the sails,
And shiplike set me on the course again.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

O, fleeting man! thou birth-transplanted tree!
Few years to grow, and bud and bloom and bear;
Soon is thy prime and bearing season past,
And while thy few remaining branches sere,
Put feebly forth their stunted buds and blooms,
A fatal canker seizes at thy root,
And all remaining is a lifeless trunk,
Remembered only by a grateful few,
Who in thy shadow played thy palmy summers,
And ate thy fruit around the wintry fires.
But oh! had only virtue been thy fruit,
No ruth or pity hovered round thee now;
Nor e'en death's drapery enshroud thy close;
And, too, how useless were all poetry!
All praise or blame how unavailing were!
For virtue is a thing that never dies;
Though death may darken round her form awhile,
Yet will she brighten, sweeter, fairer still,

And like the morning, throw that shadow off,
And turn the dewy tears to shining pride.
How far beyond all power of human blame!
How ineffectual and far beneath,
All human aims to brighten her would fall!
Could all the noblest gifts of mortal joined,
Increase the glory of the lustrous noon?
Or add one precious flower to summer's pride?
One starry empire to the arching night?
One awful Alpine summit to the earth?
In short could every mortal power augment
Great Nature's awful harmony and grace?
No more could virtue e'er exalted be:
She's perfect, and the crown of human acts;
And were she all of man, what need of song?
What need of moralists and oracles?
What need of legislatures or of laws?
What need of epaulets and armaments?
What need of princes, kings and presidents?
And nay, what place for misery and tears?
What place for shameful blushes and despair,
By overbearing pride and envy caused?
What place for nerve-enshattering horrors dire,
Heart-bleeding midnight agonies and crimes?
What place for anything to pale the beams—
The lovely beams of earthly harmony?

But such is not of thine, thou human tree;
What sins and errors on thy branches grow!
And often, though thou bud and bloom aright,
Ere can maturity's delicious flush
Repay the faithful husbandry of thee,
A venomed worm gnaws entrance to thy core,
And spoils the harvest otherwise so fair;

Nor only this, for often unawares,
In darksome hours, as though it were the pure,
Thy fruit is eaten, and that venom kills;
This loathsome worm is that of selfishness—
Progenitor of universal woe.

LIFE'S DREAD DISTEMPER.

This dread distemper did with life begin,
And even more, it seems to have been ordained
Earth's foul committee to receive this life;
It is life's soil, by nature rich and strong,
To which all cringing wishes quickly fly,
And, thickly sown with passion's seed, brings forth
A harvest of abundant wretchedness.
The eye of Selfishness, how circumscribed!
Her farthest gaze hugs close its filmy shores,
Without a compass to attempt the vast;
Her noblest thoughts but infants, playing 'neath
The windows of her eyes, with mud-formed toys;
Whose feeble prattle is of this alone:
To fill the compass of her earthy form,
With this poor trash; that compass though so small,
Yet would she fain crown earth itself within,
As 'twere the taxidermists of her self,
The stuffing mud, with tools of sin and error.
She wants the world but cannot hold it all,
And if she could, is at a loss to obtain;
She never learns the simple price of all:
That she can all the universe procure,
If she'll but ope that barred and sealed up soul,
And give, thus disenthralled, a just return.

EARTH'S TRUEST CASHIER.

Of all the treasures of the universe,
Love stands the faithful and the true cashier,
To make exchanges of eternal spirit,
This officer, benignly gracious, waits,
In the perfection of obedience,
Behind her counter, with heart-fibers covered,
To take each soul and render in return,
The rounded burdens of her boundless tills.
Nor empty ever be this treasury;
For fast as its immortal wealth be lowered,
'Tis filled anew with an immortal soul,
Each part to each, in fusion's law divine.

THE WORLD'S GREAT GENERAL.

Though Selfishness, thus infantile and weak,
To storm the soul's ethereal battlements;
To reach her heavenly parapets of love;
To harm her in her gracious fort of Heaven,
Armored with innocence, with justice armed;
Yet when he meets her on life's common fields,
How mighty and superior does he prove!
'Rayed 'neath his scheme-wove banners waving high,
Wide o'er the centre of life's battlefield,
How strongly, boldly his position holds!
While her poor virgin forces scattered wide,
Gather, a ghastly body, overwhelmed,
(Her bleached banners tattered and besmeared)
Almost beyond the boundaries of the field.
This general is the general of all generals,
And more—the despot of all despotisms,
The beastly monarch that enslaves the world;
Wide and eternal as the earth his reign,

How loyal all earth's mighty millions are!
His gloomy colors flying in each heart;
The humblest e'en a bounteous tribute pays,
And to his safety flies a volunteer.
Earth's common despots, howe'er proud and mighty,
By death or insurrection often fall;
O'er all such empires revolutions sweep,
Fair Freedom raise, and Tyranny crush down;
Napoleons and Cæsars are o'erthrown;
A Washington is lifted to a shrine;
But this dread monarch and his empire last.

AVARICE.

Of the world-wide domain of Selfishness,
His numerous and varying tributaries,
Mean Avarice towers boldly to the front;
That greedy god, whose features, like a flat,
May whiles o'erflow in tides of feign'd love,
But 'tween this and his cold and rocky heart,
(False coast, deep sunk in wilderness, and dry,)
Up heaves a barrierthrough which as yet,
Love's pure and heaving tides have never broke.
Behold when lengthy droughts have parched the
earth,
When summer's high and haughty suns have glared
Her thirsty heart to shrinking feebleness,
How she, when the first flooding tempest pours,
Its dreaching burdens greedily devours;
Or the salt-thirsty ocean, how it sucks
The thousand pure, fresh rivers, mountain-born,
And draws them rushing to her inward deeps;
Or the pent vacuum, when perforate,
How it devours the air's in-rushing wealth;
When these beheld we think of avarice;

For so does greedy Avarice appear ;
So robs she Nature's full and holy vaults ;
So breaks the equality of human weal,
Allowing, in mysterious fortune's scale,
One greedy creature thousands to outweigh ;
And as the morning lustre drinks the dew,
So does his gold-born power absorb the sweat,
And wilt anew man's nature, sleep-refreshed.
His mansion, though so heavenward up rearing,
Its pride-adulterated majesty,
From all its scornful windows glaring forth,
Is founded yet, on humble cottages ;
It is the cottage fires that warm its halls ;
It is those darling candles that illumine ;
It is the flowers around those humble doors,
That all the mansion's gorgeous garden's form.
So all the wealth and beauty of these homes,
Except their virtue and their happiness,
Are drawn into that mansion vacuum,
There to be wasted in the warring winds
Of pomp, and unrequited longings vain.

MAN'S UNREQUITED INHUMANITY AND NATURE GRAVE.

When will this longing for the pride of wealth,
When will this longing for vain glory cease ?
When will the proud and cruel domination
Of brother over brother cease to be ?
How long will human hearts inhuman prove ?
How long will everlasting winters seal
Man's heart, forming the Arctic zone of life,
Which should forever be the torrid clime ?
Oh ! when will Mercy's prow, sweet burning, pierce
And melt the icebergs of this frozen sea ?
Would man his mother Nature imitate,

His wealth superfluous distributing,
As Nature hers magnanimously strews!
Would man the sun of heaven imitate!
That kindly eye of gracious Providence,
As he out throws his living light and fire,
Upon th' unnumbered worlds him circled round,
Whose heart and life blood he thus centered is!
Ah, would he read this hallowed luminary!
Watch when this heavenly head-light heaves the
grade,

And, shining o'er life's track, absorbs the dew,
Those tears of earth—and learn a precious lesson,
Strewing his hoarded and self-cherished gold,
Free and impartial, drying up the tears—
The tears of want, the dew of human life!
So would he be of human life the sun;
So would he gaze upon the boundless good,
His broad and beaming station wrought mankind;
So be a summer to his brother's woe;
So be a morn to end his gloomy night;
And so a thousand eyes would be the stars,
Reflecting all his gracious greatness back.
But ah, with avarice how otherwise!
These eyes that might administer the beam
Of sunny smiles, and loving gratitude,
Are clouded by oppression's heavy skies.

AVARICE THE MOTHER OF CRIME.

By avarice, and by the greed of gain,
Oppression's every feature is essayed;
Experimented every crime and wrong:
Not only are the poor and helpless pressed,
But ready stand contumely and scorn,
To leap on their humiliating plight,

And crown oppression with oppression's heart.
Mark the deceptions, thefts and briberies,
And cruel schemes of avaricious greed!
And were the secrets of the night divulged,
How many a ghastly ghost would stalk abroad,
And on the hands of Avarice point his blood!
And oh! than murder worse! cold slavery
Has been the prize of man's insatiate greed!

THE BARK OF SLAVERY.

I see upon the ocean's bounding waste,
Where only sky and ocean bound the view,
A ship with human beings freighted down;
Whose ropes are the preliminary chains,
That hold 'til in their everlasting bonds.
I see it move toward where the sinking sun
Throws back a glance of sorrow on the day,
(The shining home his majesty has left,
To which he will return the coming morn)
How different their fortune who compose
The cargo of this hell-commissioned bark!
Their freedom's sun has now forever sunk;
And though its darling memories look back,
In day's yet lingering fondness, it is gone,
And with it hope, to never rise again.
Thou god of tempests, why thus long withheld,
Within their dismal caves, the wrecking gales?
Enabling this infernal craft to make
Its crime-fest destination; better had
Thy furies, in their fiercest angers, rived
The groaning deep, and swallowed all within.
How kindly these grave-opening gales had found
Deliverance for hope-abandoned beings!

POVERTY SHOULD PITY SCORNFUL WEALTH.

And all this wretchedness and wrong proceed
From wealth's vain longing and pursuance vile!
And even this is all for happiness!
Ah! who could envy happiness like this?
Who could usurp the least delightful thrill
That warms that spirit lost in wealth and self?
Why should the poorest beggar e'en begrudge
The little of life's genuine happiness,
The little of its lovely feeling felt,
The little of its brother sympathy,
The little of its charity benign,
The little of its graciousness serene,
The little of its sweet contentment, found
In all the eminence of selfish pomp?
But, rather, let him through his tattered rags,
Breathe heart-born pity, and lament the state
Which is in selfishness and pride thus high,
But in true pleasure far beneath his own.
Let poverty look up, no, rather down,
In deep commiseration on such pride,
Imploring the great Providence to make,
Not her condition equal that of wealth,
But wealth's condition equal to her own.

TO A COTTAGE.

Thou cottage, but a little dot beside
That rich and ponderous pile of vanity;
Remove the rags from out thy broken panes,
Open thy shrunk and shattered doors, to vent
Thy pity on that mansion's mournful plight,
That cannot smile in human grace on thee.
In earth's vain heights, though be thy station far

Below that mansion, higher art thou yet;
And from the heaven of thy happiness,
Thy gracious glances on this bulk of pride
Should fall, as do the sunny showers from heaven;
For not in riches are true riches found;
Nor yet by gold man's highest station built.

THE NOBLEST MANSION AND COURT.

Man's noblest mansion its foundation has,
Not on the proud and lofty hills of earth;
But mortals highest station, greatest wealth,
Most potent power, and grandest residence,
Are found in his own conscientious soul.
This noblest court, tribunal the most high,
Supplies life's only beauty, only peace;
Here wisdom, love and charity convene;
Here grace and beauty, sympathy divine;
Here every form of genuine human wealth,
Is summoned by that one eternal Judge:
Here is our gold, here are our mansions built,
Beyond the breaking, crumbling tides of time,
Beyond the power of fortune's heavy storms,
To undermine, or blow their fabric down.
How safe our gold within this heavenly vault!
No burglar can unlock or break the safe;
Not e'en that darkest thief and burglar, Death.

WHEN WILL COME THE HIGHER LIFE?

Is mortal fortun'd ever to behold
The day when vanity shall be outgrown?
When that eternal Spirit of all good—
That Spirit all omniscious and divine;
All perfect and harmoniously serene;
Sublimely shown in Nature's face and heart,

And in her boundless, starry edifice;
When will that spirit pierce his gracious light
Into the vain and stubborn soul of man,
Lifting him higher in this erring scene;
From out the discord of all selfish strife,
Into the precious harmony of love?
Will mortal ever cease to build his hopes,
And waste his powers on fading vanities?
Forever from his eager eye be shut
Life's one and only worthy aim and goal?
Oh! is that gracious hour upon the wing,
This side the gray of resurrection's dawn,
That will behold this higher state of man,
Wherein his strengthened vision will descry,
O'er all the wreck of vain and former pride,
That only beauty, only wealth of life,—
That state of sweet and Godly harmony?
Divining spirits! would ye now descend,
And lead me o'er the narrows of to-day,
Into the vastness of eternity;
Where I could haunt the silent incubations
Of the mist-plumaged future, and behold
A nobler brood of human beings break
The mystic, and, thus far confining, shell!

MAN'S DEPENDENCE.

Come, mortal, wake; wealth's dreamy fetters broke
Wake up and be a millionaire of life;
Wake up and learn where life's great riches lie,
And be thy dream of independence o'er.
Ah! where is independence in this world?
Can mortal isolate himself and live
Apart from any help of brother man?
Let mortal ne'er forget where he has been;

Let him remember when the pliant womb
Closed in and threw him on this wicked world,
Naked and helpless to the elements,—
Let him remember then his piteous plight,
Where was his haughty independence then?
'Twas with an eye ungliding and thick set,
Half foundered in its dull and glewy film,
With which he stared into his helplessness;
And though attendance for a season seemed,
Like a physician to arrest his care,
How soon he will be needed, and with all
His train of love and kindness, summoned back,
When Time has broken the parapets of life,
And man retreats down that oft-traveled slope.
Here with the pride of sinewy vigor fled,
When winter's blasts rage o'er the temples bare,
No longer verdured from the vernal fires;
No longer garrisoned by manly strength;
Man learns the worth of kindness and of love.
He learns the value of a faithful friend;
He learns the value of a heart that feels;
He learns that riches cannot satisfy;
He learns how poor 'nd dependent mortal is,
And that no wealth can take the place of love;
That the slow creeping languors of disease
(Death probing for the putrifying life)
Are not repelled by dollars interposed.
The glitter of his cherished treasure fails,
New life to glance into the dying blood.
Those dollars cannot love create or buy;
They cannot blend the pulses of our hearts.
They cannot splice love's glances, and create
Isthmus to join life's smiling continents.

THE SAFEST BANK ON EARTH.

If ne'er before, in this condition, man
Learns where his best deposit should be made—
Within the coffers of the human heart;
A safer bank than those of iron formed;
Where friendship's checks will legal tender pass,
For all the debts and dues of gratitude.
If aught be wanting yet to force the truth,
Let Death, in awful robes presiding, judge,
And with his shadowy fingers write the proof.

DEATH OF A MONEY KING.

Observe the scene when dies the money king:
Death's advance agent finds him piled about
With endless gold, yet friendless and alone.
This treasure is the product of his life;
Here are absorbed the powers of heart and hand;
For this he smiled, and felt, and thought, and toiled;
Here gave his little sympathy and love;
This is the only treasure saved by him;
And this is all he now can justly ask
With which to counter Death's advancing van.
How ill responding to his dying calls!
And how unequal to the gracious task!
This hoarded treasure breathes no sympathy,
No pain-allaying, heart-consoling balm!
For such were never planted in its growth:
It only buys him care to increase the time
Of life's black harvest, reft of friends and love;
To struggle with a conscience in deep session,
Where testify the witnesses he wronged,
The orphans and the widows, helpless poor,
And all of whom he heartless took advantage;

And finds his case decided cold against him,
And sentenced to death's prison unconsolated.
While th' very air he breathes is heavy charged
With the world's loathing, disrespect or joy;
And with the clods that on his coffin fall,
Are thrown the curses of his brother men.

DEATH OF THE GOOD THOUGH POOR.

How different the good, though humble, dies!
Death's warning envoys find him circled round,
With that most precious gold (the love and grief
Of friends, with feeling hearts, and ready hands)
Wherein he laid the treasures of his virtue:
Here are absorbed the powers of heart and hand;
For these he smiled, and loved, and thought, and
toiled;
And 'tis the only treasure needed now,
With which to counter Death's advancing van.
Unasked, it answers to his dying calls;
How nobly equal to the gracious task!
This glorious treasure breathes in sympathy,
In pain-allaying, heart-consoling balm;
For such were ever planted in its growth:
It nobly pays the care t' increase his time
To revel with a conscience in full session,
Where testify the witnessess he loved,
The widows and the orphans he had blessed,
And all to whom he gave a feeling heart;
And finds his case decided in his favor,
And all Death's terrors vanished from his brow;
While th' very air he breathes is heavy charged
With the world's admiration, love and sorrow;
And with the clods that on his coffin fall,
Are dropped the sighs and tears of mourning throngs.

WEAKNESS OF BEING ALONE.

And even e'er man reaches life's decline,
While proudly basking on the summit's height;
When health and opulence, and fame and power,
So richly glow and glitter in their fullness,
And found the mighty empire of his prime;
Even now how helpless, were he left alone!
Tear from him all the creatures of his race;
Tear from him all the brothers of his being,
Although he feels they far beneath him stand;
And leave him standing isolate and lone,
Upon the bare and endless waste around,
All unencouraged by the buoyant stir
Of life and action; with no sweet communion
With friends and loved ones; with no kindred heart,
Gushing in sympathetic fondness forth,
Its sigh and tear, its laughter and delight;
Then see how helpless is this earthly man.
Then see, in human happiness and worth,
The same undying, universal law,
The harmony and unity of parts—
Law that prevails in spirit as in matter.
It is the all of life that makes that life;
An endless sympathy pervading all;
Entire dependence linking every part.
See forest trees; when standing all compact,
How bravely they upbear against the storms,
That tread in fury o'er their bending tops!
But fall their greater numbers to the ground,
Leaving a lonely few and far apart,
And mark how soon they fall before the gales!
How proudly does that mighty river flow!
Its dark, deep volume softly winding on;

Yet is it independent in itself?
To its primeval sources trace it back;
And on the lofty flanks of mountains grand,
Far scattered, see the thousand crystal springs
(Purer and higher far than is itself)
That feed and fill and keep it flowing on.
Exhaust these little hearts that throb its life,
How soon its mighty artery is dry!

MAN'S SAFE AND EASY ROUTE.

So banished far be all those harmful thoughts,
Be all those blinding fancies that deceive
Mankind, and puff them far beyond themselves
Forever broke be that infectious fever,
To pile up wealth beyond the needs of life;
To swell those treasures when they are full,
And ample to repay the passage price,
Through fare, along this life's two-station route.
That fare, how small when chose the proper train!
The train of virtues, where, strong-coupled, moves,
Wreck-proof and soft, the car of temperance.
O would man take this safe and easy train!
How pleasant, smooth and lovely is the route!
O were man's aim to grow and not to be!
O would he foster soul instead of flesh!
Instead of self, oh! would he love his God,
And strive to close in closer harmony,
Toward that perfection, where no energy
Is wasted or ill-used: but where all thought,
And action shall combine to elevate
Mankind above this one of thousand errors;
Where they will see the abundance they require
Is thought and love, not vain and idle trash;
And when is fed the aspiring spirit more,

The less demanding is the sensual flesh.
Thus would they see how little all their needs;
Thus were they firm in pining for no more:
Thus would Content spread her pacific robes,
Of blended cloud and sun, upon their life;
Thus would they see the beauty of the cot;
Thus would they prize the circumscribed estate;
The humble enterprise, the narrow fields,
That furnish comfort and sufficient store.
Ah! who cannot be high and wealthy here?
For here, as everywhere, can mortal gain
Firm membership in Nature's holy school—
The University of life, o'er which
Presides the Founder and self-chosen Priest,
The Teacher and the Preacher of all souls.
However poor and humble be our lot,
Unto this one and greatest of all schools,
We are admitted on tuition free.
'Twas in the lower, embryotic school,
That we were fitted for admission here.
Within those genial, womby walls were given,
The pale diploma of our tender birth;
With this we got the freedom of this grand
And highest institute of human lore:
How kind and faithful all its faculty!
How free the pages of its precious truths,
And sweet the study through its life-long course!
First feeling, with the tender instinct, wakes
That slumbering and vague-dreaming spirit thought;
And then begins to show us life's delight.
'Tis now Reflection pours her varnish clear,
And bids life's truest, richest colors show;
Rapture and Love the growing heart embrace;
While Reason trains and tempers all their brood

Of sympathy and passion into form,
Beauty and regularity of soul.
But in this first of all academies,
Whose one stock-holder is eternal God;
Whose recitation room is here below;
Whose belfrey's peeling music fills the skies;
There is one book of all, it is itself,
Writ on its divers and eternal walls—
The index, lexicon and glossary;
That 'lustrates and interprets all to man.
In this, the truest profit of the world;
In this, the awful God of all speaks forth.
This is the truest volume writ for man;
Whose pages are these ever turning days,
Eternity, eternity its lids,
Bound in the gilt of rising, setting suns.
One glance into this volume, ever spread,
In grace and awe, before our wondering eyes,
Betrays with perfect proof its origin.
No mortal dares affirm 'twas writ by man;
But, 'long its mystic paragraphs, he sees
Himself a little portion, but a speck;
A little dot; a punctuation mark;
As 'twere, to join and harmonize the whole.
Here is no miracle, or all is one.
If here's one mystery, it is the whole.
The work how greatly, gloriously conceived!
How perfectly, how mightily expressed!
How sweetly and harmoniously arranged!
Though the great Author's mighty powers may seem
At times, to write with an impulsive hand;
With carelessness and anger to portray;
As when along the lines of tempests dire;
As when the earthquake sunder rends the page;

When thunder, gales, and lightnings periodize
The verse, and bid the trembling reader pause;
Still, through the marred and gloomy periods,
Gleams that unfading sun of harmony—
That sympathizing spirit of the whole.

So from the spirit of this boundless work,
When each and every portion so attracts,
And draws in blending sympathy the rest;
Let mortal draw the lesson of his life:
From lessons thus his spirit should take wing,
Mount ever on thrill-plumaged wings of love,
Into the nightless sphere of sympathy.

AN ANGEL.

Sweet Sympathy! a seraph pure and dear,
As ever haunts the cabinet of the soul,
And o'er the sessions of the heart presides:
A seraph near akin to those above,
Whose spirit pinions range the life beyond,
And flash their virgin whiteness far and wide;
An angel that ne'er falls while she is thus;
But sweetly soars in that celestial sky,
Till thron'ed in the precincts of her God,
Far, far above the raging demon throng
Of envy, hatred, vanity, and self.
Thus, nobly high in station though she be,
Her kindly, loving office is below:
Like to the lark, her element's on high,
High in the gray of grace and beauty's sky;
But must descend unto her lowly nest,
To nurse the fondlings she had left behind.
Within the mazy castle of this world,
The highest dome and turret is her rest:

But in the lowest basement is her work ;
She quickly down love's elevator speeds,
Where Pain and Trouble, Care and Anguish lie,
Tossing and pale in their infectious beds.
O Sympathy and Feeling! lovely twins!
Of Observation first and fairest born.
Two lovely flowers that grow upon one stem!
To bless and beautify a thorny world!
Two shining stars set side by side in heaven,
To break the heavy darkness of this life!

FEELING.

O' feeling! the criterion of the soul.
Is not the trembling thrill its girding chain?
Is feeling not the alphabet of right?
The nurse and mother of morality?
Are not the first and finer laws of right,
Made in the legislature of the heart?
What gives the majesty of brow erect?
Is't not the sympathizing soul beneath,
Which, letting in the thrills of other hearts,
Rises aloft upon their buoyant powers?
The soul is doubled when it holds a friend;
When drinking in his happiness and woe;
When smiles, nor dimmed, nor checked by envy, shine
On others rapture and prosperity;
When weeping, bleeding in the vials of pity;
Where never spoils that lovely mixture pure,
But sweeter, better, rarer than all wine,
And here preserved forever, never lost;
It will be found and sipped in years to dawn,
Though still the heart and eye that let it forth;
'Twill watering nurse the roses on the grave.
So let us launch upon the mystic seas,

Spread white and full the canvas of our hearts,
To catch the breathings of our brother men,
And head the port of unity and love.

THE POWER THAT MOVES AND BUILDS.

'Tis a benign and gracious sympathy;
A heavenly power and magnetism divine;
The gravitating energy of God;
That lives within and moves material things.
Nor is 't existent only to perform
The magisterial functions of the law.

To hold in symmetry the vast design;
The awful plan of this dread universe:
But they make up the theme of God to man.
This universal sympathy so sweet,
So deep, so calm, so silent in all things,
Is mediator between God and man;
The language of that lesson he assigns
To nourish, strengthen and develop soul.
This sweet and universal sympathy,
This loving law controlling matter all,
(The very soul of all this universe)
Is but the spirit of the living God:
And even the smallest part of God's creation,
Minutest mite of ocean, earth and air,
Is an instructor to attentive souls.
How sweet the law of love and wisdom shows
Within the smallest blade of lovely green,
That issues from the bosom of the spring!
Or sweetly waving in the breezy morn,
Or mildly smiling in the sunny noon,
Or drooping modestly at dying day;
Conveys a holy message to mankind.

So everything that lies within the scope
Of human soul to note and comprehend ;
And even that which is so darkly prisoned
Within the adamant of mystery ;
Within us grows a majesty and awe,
That bear us on the progress of mankind,
And up the grade of human destiny.

DIVINE HARMONY.

And mark the grand examples everywhere,
Illustrations of harmony divine,
To show that human hearts should harmonize.
Cast but an eye upon the stage of heaven,
When in the west the heavy sun goes down,
(That blazing weight of labor's busy clock)
Upweighing the curtain of his blinding light,
To give Night's spangled drama to our view !
Mark then the bright and jeweled personae,
In silence glide across that azure floor,
So close compact their movements weave a net,
Yet with no jar or interfering envy,
No jealous, hateful strife and quarrels known
But each performs the part to him assigned,
To weave the texture of immensity !
And in the office on this earth of light,
What just, impartial harmony prevails !
What equity of life imparting light,
Doth crown the administrations of the day !
For when Day's golden Colors are struck down,
In the grim charge of dark and dewy Night,
Seeming, in dark and danger, to forsake
The army of mankind that followed him,
How bravely yet he triumphs over all !
How sweetly healed and harmonized the break !

For when he stood upon his noonday throne,
His parching light alone involved the world,
But he divides his light a thousand times,
And glances from a thousand worlds at night.
And, through the tapestry of slumber soft,
The light withheld from toil, the toiler feeds;
Thus when he seems to leave us dark and still,
He stores the while his healing light within
Our weary, sleeping frames; and on the morn,
The waking eye, (that sunrise of the soul)
Will ope and send a flood of life o'er all.
What symphony pervades the monthly train,
These noble birds that wing the sky of time!
How do their various song and plumage blend!
In plumage green, Spring sweetly leads the train;
Her broadening wings spangled with beams and buds,
Her lovely voice as lovely as her form,
Her breezy flight and passionate refrain—
Now soften, and she soars to introduce,
And emulate, the charms of Summer gay,
Which rosy-tinted and mild-pinioned bird,
E'er fully winged her flight luxuriant,
The golden wings of Autumn rise in view;
And then how soon must Autumn's beauty pass;
When she must fall to pave the gloomy way
For Winter's hoary form and icy flight!
So does the passage of this various train,
In color blend, and harmonize in song,
And, void of jar, and aught displeasing, move
On its migration to eternity.

Still further do we find this harmony:
Over the mighty organ of the world,
What symphony pervades th' unnumbered tones.

As far as nature's diapason goes,
This instrument by love performed and made,
Sends forth its music everywhere in tune,
In unison and beauty everywhere:
From mightiest roar of tempests, as they rage
And echo through the caverns of the sky,
To smallest sigh and accent from the ground,
We find the same undying harmony.

Although at times we feel a jarring pang,
Along these natural energies and things;
Yet, soon is perfect harmony restored.
It often seems in Providence unkind,
That storms should rise and tear the lab'ring earth;
When from their northern camps, so cold and grim,
The gales leap forth, and hurl their cutting charge,
In fury on the inoffensive earth;
When, raging broad and angry through the heaven
The riotous gales are blasting leaf and flower,
And bounding furious o'er the reeling woods;
When Nature groans before the power supreme;
When herd and flock mid the confusion cry;
When trees are rent, and habitations shake,
And the fast-swelling floods roar down the earth;
The while this all-involving drama moves,
We're wont to think wisdom and justice lost.
'Tis painful as we sit and list the storm,
In ruffian fury, rend the door and pane;
And hear its blasts whistle and roar without;
And see the drap'ry move on its rude breath;
Though we enjoy the balm of friends and home,
The beauty of our own sweet light and fire;
'Tis painful as our thoughts brave the rough the night
And overtake the wandering and lost,

He who has yet no loving shelter found,
No heart and hut to welcome and to soothe
They who once cherished him reposing now,
Secure from tempests of the earth or mind;
'Tis painful as we view his wretched plight;
We say there is a woeful discord here.

'Tis sadder still to think upon the sea,
Where late embarked the dear and valued ones,
And there behold the tempest strike, and heave
To briny mountains, the blue waving plain,
Where gentle winds did waft them gaily on;
Behold the hurricane o'ertakes them now!
Ocean and sky in mutual darkness mix;
And on the leaping and wild-foaming billows,
The bark is tossed, half under breaking seas,
Which 'luminate the ruin of their path,
And light us to the prologue of their doom;
A little while, through tears and tempests seen,
We watch them brave the violence of fate,
While hope and memory, the oil that calms
The tempest of the mind, aid them awhile
To live upon the thoughts of friends and home;
And then we see the fated craft go down,
And the wild tempest rages on alone.
Here, mid our tears and agony, we feel
To ask where harmony or justice be.
Yet Nature is relenting, and will smile,
And thrust away the stormful rage of late,
Which, as it were, is but the frowning mask,
She often wears over a smiling face;
For her big heart is even calm and kind.
Although it seems that demons rule the gales,
Sweet angels wing triumphant in their wake.

The azure robes will deck the north again,
And the fierce raging gales will die away;
And then the calms will purer, sweeter be;
The earth that late so heavy shook and groaned,
Upon the calm, invigorating morn,
Will, with a greater pride and luster, stand;
And on the sea the storm will spend its force,
And the refreshing Morn will lay his robes
Of golden splendor on the slumbering deep;
And even that bark, engulfed within the depths,
Will ride the waves of love and memory;
The fated crew will live within our hearts,
Safe on the decks of human destiny.

THE STORM OF PASSION.

But when the storms of passion rise and burst
In darkening violence, upon the soul,
Blasting those little flowers of kindly thoughts
Which late so fair and sweetly decked the leas;
And fiercely tearing those imperial woods
Of noble aims and resolutions grand;
Pouring the ruinous floods of anger down
Those useful channels, where did lately flow
Loves tranquil stream,—the water power of life
When this black hurricane shall overtake,
Upon the ravaged moors, or raging seas,
And wreck or ruin our most priceless friends—
The dignity of temper and of man,
Does clearer, purer morning follow it?
When this storm shall its demolition cease,
When clouds disintegrate, and lull the gales,
Does brighter morning jewel the decline?
Do greater purity and fragrance breathe
Their soothing balms the ravaged spirit round?

No, but their weary, yet unsound repose
Is sorely troubled by remorse's gales,
That wildly rage and blacken all the mean;
And though remorse a resolution brings,
It here denotes a former one unkept,
A brother standing on a brother's grave,
A monument to self-unfaithfulness.
So mortal, let us take impressive vote,
And just and thorough observation here;
And satisfy ourselves beyond the doubt
(That smouldering fire where wisdom oft retires,
Which though when burned too fiercely, dazzles him)
That harmony is everywhere alive,
And graciously triumphant everywhere,
Except in the discordant works of man.

THE GREAT RESOLUTION.

Come, let us rise and make one more resolve
To enter the grand harmony of things,
And start anew upon our destiny!
And let this resolution be the last—
The resolution of all resolutions;
The last and best, and let us see no more,
Its ruins smoking on remorse's morn—
That gloomy morn, when passion's fire is out;
But let this resolution be the base,
The underpinning of perfection's frame,
And sometime grandly finished edifice.
Yes, let this be the final impetus,
Acquir'd on the descending grade of wrong,
That we shall need to rise the endless one;
With this, and th' fuel of virtue's hope and watch,
Shall ever be our upward course unchecked.

THE REQUISITE OF HARMONY.

What must we do to join this harmony?
Nature the lesson not alone assigns,
For studious and anxious souls to learn;
But shows her grand examples everywhere,
Commanding and instructing both at once.
She shows her unity of work and plan,
And, in its grand and beauteous display,
Of its necessity convinces man.
Sweet sympathy and loving union 'tis,
That to this harmony admission gives—
This harmony and happiness, the same,
True happiness that pain can never spoil,
Nor ever darkly shall its sunshine dim,
Even though misfortune and calamities,
Their darkness and inclemency pour down.

Such happiness lies in life's treasury;
A richer treasury than that of gold;
The key to ope it is the good we do;
The virtue, wisdom, happiness we add,
Not venally, but freely to the world:
The freer, more magnanimously given,
The less the loss, and greater the return.
So happiness we make for others, is
The key that opens happiness to us.
That key, though golden, never can be bought
With gold, or crowns, or knowledge, rank or fame.
Nor does the law of reciprocity
Hold only, for the all our hearts can give,
Will be returned, augmented and improved.
Those little seeds we scatter in the ground,
How earth's warm womb will swell and multiply,

And pour abundantly into our wealth!
Behold the sparkling of the raptured eye!
Though bright in feeling, yet how frail the light,
The actual luster it supplies the world;
Yet through it shines the light of all the world!
The thousand bonfires on the hills of heaven;
That solar fire upon Creation's shrine,
And blazing lighthouse of immensity.
And so it is with kindly deeds we do:
The forces we dispatch to other hearts,
To free them from beseeing pains and cares,
And aid them in the struggle 'gainst life's woes,
Return to us a thousandfold increased.
For th' solace and the happiness we give,
Impart a peace, a soothing pure delight,
That e'er repays a thousand times the cost:
For cost there's none at all, nay, less than none;
For kindness, in itself, is Heavenly joy;
And so these forces that we order out,
Will gather in unnumbered volunteers,
And proudly march a mighty army home;
Nor only for a day, but for all time,
In bannered victory will ever come.
Those briny tears we wipe from other brows,
Will swell to mighty oceans, bearing us
A richer cargo than all India holds.
The sunshine we enkindle in the face
Of others, is not from material suns;
But it will grow, outshining earthly beams,
Heiring the glory of eternal light.
Thus let us climb the steps of destiny.
And, as we go, each flower of truth and love,
Pluck and preserve, and twine of them the wreathes,
To wear upon the table-lands of God.

There, in those self-twined wreathes regaliared, stand
To drink the floods of loving light divine.
There, as we cast our vision down the slope,
Toward the undulating land of graves,
From 'neath the intervening zone of light.
No scene of human discord shall descry,
Nor of its conflicts ever hear the sound.

My dear, sweet sister! wilt thou list to me
The while I weave my song for thy review?
Its heart and theme I trust are worthy thee,
And thou art worthy all that I can do:
Thus in the name of one that's tried and true,
Not others, will I dedicate my task;
Who in success will flatter not or woo,
In failure whose true heart is all I ask—
A heart, though it may err, can never wear a mask.

No vague or foreign theme awakes my lay,
But one that both our hearts have proudly known,
Amid whose scenes we first beheld the day,
And where our pleasures and our pain have flown.
So as the theme is equally thine own,
So can thy soul each beauty fitly prize,
So will each picture in thy mind have tone,
So in thy breast each tenderness will rise,
Of home and country when grim winter fills the skies.

THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving Day once more has come and gone,
That day to all our nation ever great,
But in New England came whose primal dawn
From night of persecution's blasting fate;
That night o'er earth that hovered long and late.

But broke at last in glory o'er the wave,
And soon on Plymouth Rock did radiate,
In grand effulgence, on Religion's slave,
Who in that light and tears her freedom's rainbow
gave.

That day again, 'like hundreds of the past,
Has, in its grand circumference of praise,
Held grateful hearts and many a happy feast,
Their glory circling the paternal blaze;
Dear ones have nestled in each others gaze,
Long severed from those darling scenes apart;
The smile of youth upon each feature plays,
Now born again from sweet affection's heart—
One child and parent who from home will never part.

Now greetings over and the farewell hour,
Of the long fatted fowl the worth is known;
The marksman has displayed his skill and power,
With the last note of shooting matches flown:
And Autumn's breathed her final sigh and moan,
Migrating crows have cawed their parting strains,
And Winter in his street parade is shown,
With boreas' banners flouting o'er the plains,
While o'er December's back he draws the streaming
reins.

EARLY WINTER.

Fled are the lovely birds of summer's pride,
While wreck and drift profane their fair domains;
Scattered their nests, their Heav'n-writ songs have
died
To be revived in vernal sun and rains,
Save here and there a shiv'ring one remains—

The last of Summer's gay and dulcet choir;
Though but an echo of her former strains,
A sigh of dying love and paled desire—
A wand'ring cinder blown from Heav'n's immortal fire.

And oak and beech wear yet a ling'ring plume,
Brave shiv'ring, though in Death's triumphal state—
Sad Autumn's garland laid on Summer's tomb,
Whom she has followed now, like human fate;
And, left in nature's groundwork desolate,
Some still neglected sheaves are rustling sere—
The rest a blank, where Autumn's Colors late,
Divinely waved o'er beauty's volunteer—
Colors that woke a tear in youth—a rapture here.

Now Phœbus, to his southern home retired,
And driven there by heaven's eternal sway,
Shows not that glowing eye which lately fired
The world, and lighted Summer's rosy way;
But through the chill and storm-preluding day,
Now palely do his eye's far glances come,
As he beholds his flow'ry daughter lay,
And winter-woven cerements fold her form,
So ravaged by the cold, the tearing blast and storm!

Chill over all New England's region spreads,
In triumph stern, the ever grim conquest;
Above the barren plain where Coldness treads,
Bold mountains rear each firm and frigid crest;
The river—late of Summer's blooming breast,
The swelling artery—and its lovely source,
The lake, sweet shining, deep in liquid rest—
Are bound and sealed in death's relentless force,
While scant and naked herbage lines their marge and
course.

I gaze away upon the barren heath,
Where I have gazed in happier days of yore;
I see its dark sunk bosom cold in death,
And see its gloom mourn summer's glory o'er;
Yet 'mid that frosty gloom and tempest's roar
That whistles o'er me through some lofty tree,
A fancy heaves my throbbing breast once more,
Although its vision cannot gladden me
As did that fancy when my heart was young and free.

From other regions, through the reeling trees,
Doth overhead a sudden roar emerge;
Then 'gainst the bank of woods across the leas,
We hear the roar of that aerial dirge;
And now the fitful gusts, wild whirling, surge
Against the doors and at the windows rail,
Catching the smoke upon the chimney's verge,
To hurl its thinning volume o'er the vale—
Of comfort, love and joy the ever holy trail.

Sweet picture! ever hung within my breast
To ever catch my love's unsleeping eye,
When pictured are those preparations best
For home's proud weal against the angry sky;
Now Day gives but a passing glance, though by
That far low-gliding gaze he instigates
The growing wood-pile and the banking high,
And the repair of tempest-threaded cracks,
And rounding of the stores that future comfort lacks.

But Nature, in her leniency, recalls
The personae of this tumultuous play,
And when Day's fading Colors—twilight—falls
Before the stage and on earth softly lay;
Then all is still save slumber's many a fay

Steals in t' impersonate the sombre scene,
 And the mild stars await, in vigil ray,
 Great Nature's matinee to welcome in—
 Oh, thus could human "stars" see brightly and be
 seen!

Thus till the chord by slow-approaching Day
 Is drawn, and now the shadowy curtains part,
 When are permitted on the stage to play
 These sunbeam thrills from Day's immortal heart,
 Till in their northern hive, wild swarming, dark,
 Rush forth the winds with hum of stormy war;
 The flaky burdens now begin to start,
 Increasing fast, and spreading wide and far,
 Till heav'n's full virgin tide sweeps o'er this earthly
 bar.

THE STORM AND VARIOUS SCENES THEREIN.

Now Nature bids her flaky glories come,
 And on her tempest-eagle soaring forth,
 Thick piles to fledge his lean and sightless form,
 Far from his high dim aerie in the north;
 Though flown so far, he will not deign to loathe
 His vast and virgin flight across the earth,
 Until a world-wide track of piling froth
 Is lain a swaddling robe for morning's birth,
 And Day's pure flag that speaks that eagle's work
 and worth.

And nature bears a ponderous purity;
 Her mountains are stupendous monuments,
 Which late were earth and granite—now they be
 The whitest marble, save some crags and rents—
 Their everlasting, dark inscription dents.

And everywhere extends the virgin scene
O'er field and pasture, in huge lineaments,
And giant trees made clumsy and serene,
That seem the shaggy patriarchs of a past unseen.

Thus earth, late suffering from shocks and chills,
Is laid beneath this heavenly blessing spread ;
So Nature in regretful sorrow wills,
Like men, to show her kindness o'er the dead ;
Like men, who lavish on the breathless bed,
The tributes they are sure will be the last,
And think they have those final moments made
To balance years of scorn and anger past,
And made one sunset ray the day's long darkness mask.

The coffin, their great contribution-box,
Passed round by Death, is where they drop their care
And tears—those spurious coins and worthless stocks,
For all the stamp, dissimulation, bear.
But Nature! princess, thou supremely fair!
Who with thy loving sceptre sways my soul,
Can I with thee such wretchedness compare,
As often doth the human breast control,
And sometimes make us feel life has no perfect goal?

But here are beauty, glory unsurpassed :
O were each crystal flake that pounds the pane,
(Its driving force this passion in my breast)
Some heavenly aid to give me tongue and brain !
Now ling'ring Day o'er this ethereal main,
On deep'ning tide, has cleared the twilight bar ;
We watch his faint, full shrouded image wane,
While in Night's gloomy hull we follow far,
And doomed to bear the storm and stress without a
star.

Woodpiles show dark and lonely mid the storm,
(Heart, yet unfired, of Winter's chilly brain)
And fast the drifts around the buildings form—
The piling waves of the nocturnal main.
Thus 'tis without, but let reflection reign
Within the home—how like this human race!
When tender hearts our love responsive gain,
Though stern and stormy frowns beat o'er the face—
All masks which Heaven at times draws over all her
grace.

Thus 'tis without, but let us look within:
How snaps and roars the furnace well supplied!
How spreads in front the briskly glowing scene,
Unlike the human heart—so satisfied!
The kettles bubble in a joyful pride,
And sing and steam to haste the coming meal,
The lamps how regal and erect abide!
Whose bulging eyes full tenderness reveal,
And, from a heart of simple oil, they bless our weal.

But how unlike the gaze of human eye!
Burned from a life-long wick in sentient blood,
That glances oft in mean partiality,
From others will avert its gleaming flood.
But on the old or beauty in the bud,
Or lovedone, friend or enemy alike,
Those gracious manly beams have long withstood
The gaze of foes in fearless calm, and strike
Into the face of friends an ever faithful light.

And through the curtained window they have striven,
And bourne their dauntless beauty through the night;
And storm-rocked earth with now no light from
heaven,

Can boast these earthly stars within her plight;
And, too, how often are those beams of light
The couriers to benighted wand'ers' fear,
Bright pencils which upon his soul can write
The hallowed words of home and love and cheer—
The glorious trinity that makes true fortune here.

But howl, ye storms, the windows shake and jar,
Sweep Night's black arch and sway her shadowy
walls;

Your war and riot, in their fiercest, are
But a kind Heavenly irony that calls
A stormy night a time when trouble falls
On earth, and darkness mantles home and joy;
For all its raging language but installs
The never dying truth our hearts employ,
When say no storm can gloom till love and plenty cloy.

This sweetly warmed and lighted scene supplies
A worthy shield to ward the ceaseless charge
Of re-enforcing fury from the skies,
And fiercer storms that in man's bosom rage.
Elated youth turn from their lesson's page,
And gladly note the heavens' blasting horn
And billowy drifts—and divers plans engage,
To utilize their virgin wealth at morn—
Haply in that success which Babel fain had worn.

Or they may chisel Winter's ghastly form
From out the piled and pond'rous quarries steep;
And how the heart of youth will beat and warm,
And from the chilling snow what health they reap!
Or they will plough the drifts, frost-sprayed deep,
With energy no after joys will know;
Or with the hidden snow-ball they will creep,

And hurl its purity upon the foe—

Oh, may their weapons ever be as pure as snow!

Beyond the now soiled drifts of time and care,
Into th' unchilling drifts of careless youth,
I gaze upon the scenes where I did share
These bright, exhilarating joys in truth;
The deep-piled drifts were then of greater worth,
Kindled more rapture in my breast than now
Can glory's hope or fancy's brightest mirth,
Or all that lightens toil or glads the brow,—
For all but little deeper do the wrinkles plow.

And here are girls, fair daughters, sisters sweet—
The name is trembling music ever blest;
In their sweet eyes home's brightest light we meet,
Lit from the love within each tender breast.
Dark is the home, once having known this best,
This dearest charm that ever cheered this earth,
When it has fled to everlasting rest,
And reft the home of maiden grace and worth;
The only light behind, its memory brings forth.

That memory! the only sunset glow
That never sinks behind the dear one's grave,
The loveliest bloom that over grief can grow,
The sweetest thrill that earth can ever crave;
So potent is this mem'ry and so brave,
It will not let the body decompose
And mingle with the mother dust that gave
It lovely form, but in its living pose,
'Twill rest embalmed—the only embalming earth now
knows.

Let pampered heiress foreign titles crave,
And with her money stamp her lotioned face;

Then fly as legal tender o'er the wave,
Oblige her country and herself disgrace;
But if we want to fill a woman's place,
If we have cares and pangs to soothe and mourn,
If we would love the noblest of the race,
And in our homes have men and women born,
Then turn we to the maids such rural scenes adorn.

And tempest-proof are all these lovely charms,
Unscathed by pinching cold or gales that rend:
F or when the breast with love and comfort warms,
And melts the icicles that oft impend
From human brows, and in chilled glance descend;
'Tis then the rustic maiden's flushing glow
Of cheek and love-filled eye can well defend,
As mighty shields from winter's fiercest woe,
And while night storms above can make day shine
below.

THE GRANDMA.

The grandma fills her corner, safe and sage,
The cynosure of proud and reverent eyes;
The fond companion of another age
And him who now in crumbling silence lies;
Yet to this age she's bound by blood and ties,
And half rejuvenated thus, combines
The world that's past with scenes that now arise,
Her parted prime to second childhood joins,
And in her garrulous stream flow sayings, whims and
signs.

And to her yet respected language quaint,
Intensely list the urchins gathered round,
For witch and ghost and apparition faint,

With which her girlhood season did abound;
 Thus with the storms and mysteries profound
 Of other days, and children 'bout her place,
 Though in her hollow voice still heard the sound
 Of time's eternal storm, and with'ring trace
 Shows where its woes and cares tore long her form
 and face;

Still happy and serene as passing time,
 In comforts wrapped, forgets the stormy hour;
 For storms that passed in her fair maiden prime,
 Are deeper felt within her mem'ry's power,
 Than all this tempest's wildest surge or shower,
 As she recal's the fierce and fearful scenes,
 The wearing cares and struggles that would tower
 Before her strength and o'er her humble means,
 When these rich farms were woods and these broad
 roads were lanes.

MUSIC IN THE HOME.

Gales, riot on and cloy your heart's desire;
 For now a flood of music drowns the whole;
 The daughter's lit the parlor lamp and fire,
 And "Home sweet Home" is thrilling through the
 soul;
 Or strains immortal may the scene control,
 Of sweet "America"—oh, theme divine!
 Or "Auld Lang Syne" reverses the dim roll
 Of time, and from the diapason fine,
 The friends and scenes and loves of youth are "brought
 to min'."

That music is the organ, blest combine
 Of wind and reed—earth's most inspiring art;

The tones that sweep it: diapason line,
To aspiration ever thrilled my heart.
Nor does it now its Heaven-born strains impart
Alone in palace fine or gorgeous town,
But in the rural home its glories start,
In storm or calm, with beauty that can drown
This rushing storm that pours upon earth's keyboard
down.

Grand instrument! that concentration fine!
The prism of sound to show the harmonies
From the great Source of melody divine,
In earth or heaven, storming or tranquil skies!
May ne'er its concord's sacred fall and rise
Refuse to cheer and bless our vales and hills;
Although as it once strained my tend'rest ties,
Within my home its tone no longer thrills—
No longer does it flush and overflow life's rills.

But though the fountain rock and basin rent,
The gushing stream, with all its spray and foam,
Still flows as through my bosom then 'twas sent,
And wafts my widowed spirit to the home
Of the dear sister—in days ne'er to come—
Who waked these organ strains to soothe my care;
Still on in tenderness it flows, while from
A portion of its gushing bliss and tear,
A pool forms in my heart and is eternal there.

Roar on, thou storm! the gusts are interludes
In thy full chorused volume high and far,
Though on the soul scarce thought of thee intrudes,
Drowned in the trembling wake of Music's car;
And this bright scene is evening's fairest star,

As surely beams it in the father's sight—
Result of hope mid fortune's every jar—
Heroic and triumphant hope and right,
Based on a rocky past—crowned by the scene to-night.

And the fond mother, though some labor still
Holds her attention from its rightful realm,
Must in her bosom feel a secret thrill,
Telling this stormy evening is a gem,—
And that it is a worthy diadem,
Full crowning all her life of care and pain,
And proving all the sorrows she did stem,
And all her darling hopes were not in vain,
When in her arms these daughters were but infants
lain.

MISFORTUNE IN THE STORM.

Roll on, unfeeling currents of the sky!
Though I should fain your blasting progress stay;
For every home, though filled as tenderly,
And lighted by affection's throbbing ray—
Is not as this so beautiful and gay:
Misfortune has usurped the downy vest
Of comfort and of plenty's proud array,
From happy home, and left her naked breast
The shiv'ring mark of want and rage of this tempest.

Far sunken in the storm-riven wilderness,
The lonely hut, unlighted, bides the gloom,
Smothered by whirling gusts, the grim caress
Of treacherous fate to whisper human doom;
Scarce flickering blaze lights the ill-furnished room;
Rent doors and windows cannot ward the storm;
More than a house, the hut appears a tomb,

Althought within breathes Misery's pale form,
To moralize the checkered lot of human worm.

And wand'ring lone, by care nor kindred blest,
I see an outcast groping through the night,
As wanders anguish through my heaving breast,
While I survey his wrong and wretched plight;
While I perceive no kindly rescuing light,
From plenty's pane, his fainting woe beguile;
But see him strive, in his decreasing might,
Companionless to brave the anxious while
That may through weathered blasts bring him to
succor's smile.

I see him struggle on amid the woes
Of howling storm and darkness, bleeding deep
O'er buried friends, who did around him close
In better days, while hail-charged currents sweep
Round his chilled neck, his only scarf and cape.
His thin and tattered raiments blow and shake
He prays, but does from Heaven only reap
More suffocating terrors till they make
His bed among the drifts—where he shall never wake.

AFTER THE STORM.

The storm has winged and worn the night away,
And morn breaks o'er a heavy lull profuse;
Gigantic drifts their cheeks of whiteness lay
To the dark cloud, the storm's low flag of truce;
But scarce the plow and shovel are in use,
Clearing the ways with snow profoundly lain,
When blazing Phoebus burns the flag of truce,
And Boreas' pipes his whistle's warning strain,
From walls exhausts his steam, and flies along the
plain;

Now, vaulting, powders heaven's cold-blue face;
Now in a whirl receding corners shake;
While active lads their promised joys preface.
Like a huge fowl snow-burrowing, startled, wake
The mighty woods, and from their plumage shake
Their burdens white, far flashing in the full
Of sunlight, while the busy snow-plow's wake
Is quickly filled, making that labor dull—
Till earth slows down the station of another lull.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Beside the road the domicile appears,
Or some retired ground it may adorn;
The "low, wide house," the style of former years,
Place of our father's birth and glory's morn:
For 'neath its roof New England's self was born;
Its manhood rocked her infancy to rest;
Its baby blooms her rugged face has worn;
Its mother love has warmed her noble breast;
But this old dwelling still can tell her glory best.

Low underpinned, upon its breast storm-beat,
It wears the sun's bright jewel through the day;
And o'er the south its gleaming windows greet
The wood, field, lake and river far and gray;
Beneath a tree in grandeur and decay—
The hero of a hundred winters past—
Which long ago the blast of war did sway,
And proudly on its sweeping current cast
The one who placed it here, to triumph in the blast.

And by the window, close beneath the eaves,
The naked lilac stands in dormant worth,

Awaiting soon, clad in luxurient leaves
And gorgeous blooms, to welcome Summer's birth.
How, with that window's clustered youth and mirth,
Its colors blent, 'twill ruddy dimples woo!
'Twill add another gladness to the earth,
To youth and love another purple hue—
As in my distant youth 'twere ever wont to do.

Two rooms look o'er the snow-laid walls of earth,
Into the south of Day's wide azure tent;
One for adornments and the things of worth,
The other, where the hours of care are spent.
Between the two a portal and a rent
That passage to the low broad chamber shows;
And back against where boreas' wrath has vent,
Three rooms are formed for sickness and repose;
And through the whole a circle round the chimney
goes—

A heavenly circle! though by mortal made;
And wonderful, for 'long its circling line,
Brightly three winter solstices parade
Their stand-still suns, and glow for thee and thine.
Strange Zodiac! for, in it, every sign
Is in the heart, though shining on the face;
But when the summer solstice 'gins to shine,
Her broader fires each one of these efface,
And show a black recess we call the fireplace.

And oh! in winters gone, I well recall
How did this hearth-place grandly play its part;
How shot its trembling flashes on the wall,
And on the cam'ra of my brain and heart!
And, painted there with an immortal art,

From all the sacred scenes that shown around,
When, though some little childish tears would start,
My heart was lighter, for joys did abound,
Sung earlier in my song, and often here are found.

And should we all regret the idle craze,
Demolishing that chimney structure vast,
Which long ago did our forefathers raise,
And which the modern styles have not surpassed;
For is that pile of brick and mortar massed,
A down-dived monster, with three blazing mouths;
A mighty scavenger, devouring fast
The germ of sickness and disease, that flows
In blanching havoc o'er the blooming forms and brows.

And in the yet unfinished chamber may
Be seen the handloom our grandmothers run;
There, too, the ancient spinning-wheel survey,
Whereon their now decaying fingers spun;
And, though of both the work has long been done,
Still do they spin and weave, in silence though:
The threads of love and mem'ry spins the one,
Of which the other weaves the robe we throw
Around the crumbling forms that sleep beneath the
snow.

And close appears, banked in with snow, the well,
Once crowned with curb, and overhung by sweep,—
That balanced scale to truly weigh and tell
The health and purity our sires did reap,
When swung into the funnel dark and deep;
For did it then no choking closure wear,
But let the earth and heav'n communion keep;

Earth's basined tears take on a heavenly air—
Weighed in this balance, all our pumps found want-
ing are.

CHRISTMAS.

This is the eve of Christmas, and away
O'er all New England's beautiful domain,
There is a home or rich or poor to-day,
On every hillside, every vale and plain—
Where sweet anticipation gilds each pane,
And preparation kindles at the glow,
In thought of friends that charm away each pain;
The one of nineteen hundred years ago,
The others of that blood which through the heart doth
flow.

And through the hill and valley, sun or haze,
What trains are rushing on their winding way!
With thousand hearts that forward cast their gaze
Toward the homes that glorify my lay;
And lighter bound while fancy doth portray
The cherished spot and darling friends of yore,
The tidy rooms awaiting them to-day,
The cheerful fires that in their welcome roar,
And the dear hearts and hands such care and labor
bore.

To-day the heart, in church and home and hall,
Is bounding warm in festive pleasure's cause;
And Christmas-trees will let their treasures fall
Amid the scenes of beauty and applause;
The kings to-day are Christ and Santa Claus,
The only kings the world should ever know;
Oh, could their blissful union never pause,

Nor 'tween our hearts their blessings cease to flow,
Till hope and joy and love alone shall reign below!

And while of youth is thus engaged the heart,
We older ones can backward cast our own,
To when we from the trundle-bed would start
Before the long dark hours of morn had flown,
To see how had each pendant stocking grown,
Hung by the fire-place the night before,
Whose contents, though so cheap and humble shown,
Was cherished in our hearts and prized the more—
All we expected, for our Santa Claus was poor.

Ye myriads who so freely serve the time,
Gay in rejoicing met and music free,
When Christmas, summer both and harvest clime,
Doth bloom and bear at once on laded tree;
Pause once amid your sparkling gaiety,
To catch the tones celestial that arise,
And crown your life in shining majesty,
While for this erring world ye sacrifice
All but your righteousness and hope beyond the skies.

And ever this divinest lesson mind,
Whence we should mould each aim and action here:
That we should toil and suffer for mankind,
And, if required, a martyr's fate to bear;
Nor, way'ring, pause to feel the fate severe;
Oft doth the world such retribution make;
So pays the toil, the peril and the tear,
Of those who brave and struggle for its sake;
So martyrs oft may fall, but will in glory wake.

FOREST SCENES.

The owl, companioned by her woe, unthrilled,
Wears out, in dumb and dreaming soul, the day;
But when her starry galleries are filled,
And Evening hangs her sable scenery,
Then, lonely perched upon some kingly tree,
And gazing 'cross the chill, snow-platformed night,
In all the volume of sad melody,
She wakes her wail at luna's parting light—
So brightest smiles will oft retire from sorrow's sight.

The partridge, startled from her secret bower,
On whirring pinion her intruder flies,
But crash! the bursting flame and leaden shower,
Her plumage drench, and tear her vital ties;
E'en some lone chickadee, that vainly tries
To cheer her gloomy covert, is pursued;
And here the summer's last love-ling'ring cries
Are drowned and smothered in a pool of blood;
Where human folly loves to drink and bathe, the flood.

Or long his narrow thicket-piercing road,
Gay runs the innocent and timid hare;
E'en he, to satisfy the thirst for blood,
Falls by the gory shot or cruel snare.
So nature flouts her standard everywhere,
And only spares what fear compels her save;
In light of innocence or guilty glare,
Mortal's delight is but a creature's grave,
O'er which coarse pigmies laugh and glory's giants
rave.

So fate doth often make the world unblest,
So pleasure's aims life's tender vital's part;

And think the linings of a poor dumb breast
From Murder's cell can separate the heart;
And so a thousand painful throes will start,
In blushing brow and eye-o'erflowing meres,
By word or action wrought in loveless art,
By playing in dumb blood and human tears;—
The fount of cruelty; though name of pastime bears.

The heart that loves to wanton in this pool,
May yet mature the bold and savage tar,
And, with a dying breath-blown sail and full,
A pirate, steer through seas of blood and war;
Such is the heart, in cold ambition's law,
Has braved for desolation's black reward:
'Twere such that snatched the dying martyr's straw,
Spilt mothers' tears and blood of babe and bard;—
Such hearts the light of joy from the Dark Ages
baarred.

Until the Earth shall round that dreadful cape,
Washed by man's sweat, his gushing blood and tears!
Mid rising rocks of murder, ruin, rape,
And the sad wrecks upon the rolling years
Till Reason her Heav'n-lighted banner rears
In place of Passion's flag of flaming glow;
Till Love and Tenderness forsake the spheres,
And sway the sceptre of their grace below:—
Till then will earth to Heaven no resurrection know.

The axe is busy in its silvern home—
The glaring slayer of its shelt'ring tree;
Whose measured notes, far-sounding, sweetly form
A cheerful scale of rural industry;
Along the field and winding woodland way,

Moves slow the car of Fuel future-bright;
The steer or horse seems proudly to convey.
This coming chief of many a happy night,
When throned in blazing pride upon the andirons'
height.

WINTER IN OLDEN TIMES.

Now Fancy rolls the heavy stone of time,
From portal of the Past's dread sepulchre,
And, throwing back her awful robes sublime,
Her vague proportions grow to form and stir
My soul to reverence while I thrill o'er her;
And now, clasped to her damp and airy breast,
And cold, beneath her time-wove comforter,
I see these homes and scenes that bled and blest;—
And half I feel 'tis crime to mar her hallowed rest.

Here stretches Wilderness her mighty length
And formless form across this whole domain;
And in her heavy sleep and gloomy strength,
'Neath coverlet of endless time, is lain;
So dense and heavy this, it seems in pain
Her huge bulk breathes, while many a groan and yell,
Shaking her pond'rous couch convinces plain,
What gloom and terror, what inhuman spell,
Reign in her awful breast—a half vacated hell.

Now swoops the Winter, heartless ruffian, down
From icy dens in all his ghastly guise
Upon her breast, and 'spite her palest frown,
In cold embrace and violation lies;
The forest monarch gains his mightiest size,
Falls in decay, uncloven by the blade;
The savage beast in tearing terror flies,

And echoes through the black, unbroken shade;
And all remains the same as sovereign nature made.

THE INDIANS.

Save scattered here and there another race,
Human if savage ever can be so,
Possessing, though, the all of kindly grace
That pleased their God and Nature to bestow.
Amid the snow-laid scene and day's chill glow,
Idly reclines, beside the frozen sheen,
The deft canoe—but bends the nervous bow,
And death-winged arrows pierce the sylvan scene,
Till homeward winds the hunter through the falling
e'en.

Through gloom and darkness in rude radiance,
His wigwam fires their meagre glow impart,
As doth the light of his intelligence
Shine through his icy wilderness of heart;
But as I near where their frail flashes start,
I see the idle Chief, throned king and law,
Consume the product of the simple art
And labor of his dominated squaw,
Who in this lottery doth but crumbs and curses draw.

But on the spot from which I late digressed,
Its gloom and erst surrounding scenes to trace,
A fire is kindled and a candle drest
To cheer the darkness for a nobler race;
Which light and fire, though beaming feeble grace,
Are kindling yet a nation's liberty;
But, for the native, prove a meteor fierce,
From the far east flashed o'er the wintry sea,
To fall in crushing force upon his frail roof-tree.

Before the axe the forest monarch fell,
And in the log-house showed in grander might;
A little clearing breaks the untamed spell,
And for the first, lets in the flash of light—
That civ'lization's banner—which from height
Of Heav'n, on noble souls must ever gleam;
While love and industry their powers unite,
And from her doom dark Nature's self redeem,
And drive the Red Man 'gainst an ever rising stream.

He stands upon the sand bar of his fate,
And laves his feet in civilization's tide,
Which first he views with wonder, then with hate,
Till, hate and cruelty intensified,
He launches battle on its current wide;
In fiendish mood he reddens it with blood;
Awhile he stems, as man by ocean's side,
Can stem the billows—till the rising flood,
Swelled by the blood he spilt, rolls over him for good.

But prior to extermination's day,
What picture here, painted in blood and flame!
The Indians rush! I see destruction lay
In high relief upon each cruel aim.
The picture deepens! wintry drifts the frame;
Inhuman vengeance now begins the siege:
Dead sire—fired house—flames roaring from the same,
Are now the only banner, throne and liege,
To helpless love and beauty 'gainst the deadly rage.

I see the sire fall in the mortal strife,
Hear breath and blood gurgle in dying pain;
I see the tomahawk cleave woman's life;
I see the war club smash the infant's brain;
I see a garrison above the plain,

Inviting the swift-fleeing refugees,
But ere they can the armed æylum gain,
Are murdered by the savage enemies,
Or carried captive home to perish by degrees.

WINTER STORES AND COMFORTS.

But this is past; now let me reinstate
The story of our homes, wherein repose.
Content and comfort, rendered doubly great
By cellared stores, banked round by whirling snows,
Which robe grim winter while he chills and blows
Along the passage from his polar bowers.—
Here still the graceous worth of Summer flows
Afresh, and sealed 'neath Autumn's ripening powers,
Her fruit within the heart, upon the face her flowers.

The Fire-King, so luxuriant and bright,
'Gainst Winter bravely bears his flaming shield;
Though chill and tempest wage determined fight,
They're driven from the kitchen's cosy field:
For Summer he immortal life doth yield
By thus defending with his glaring breast;
'Spite all the armaments Winter can wield,
He conquers him, who, humbled and distressed,
Must bear his smoking boasts, blown from his chimney crest.

Oh, were the fire upon the heart of flesh—
That passion fire—thus ever kind and true!
The freezing storms of anguish tearing fresh,
Its gracious office ever to subdue!
In place of tears the parted smile renew,
And melt the chill of want to plenty's flame;
Some brightness with the slandered name imbue,

And hope rekindle from despair and shame;
And honor's morn renew from the dark night of blame.

The father views his happy flock around,
The dearest portions of his blood and heart;
The mother's cares in all the scene abound;
She binds the whole, and yet, she fills each part.
Now for the meal the preparations start
By willing hands that lay upon the board,
Rich measures, introduced by Care and Art,—
In s'eaming pride—that represent the hoard
Of all their grand constituents in cellar stored.

This makes him prize the ever willing steer
And Independence's vehicle, the plow;
And when the butter and the milk appear,
He drinks—with reverence 'bove the feigning bow—
And eats, the health and welfare of the cow.
While plenty thus him present joy supplies,
No future fears can storm his heart and brow;
Not even taxes, though severe they rise,
Can gloom his heart, when re-enforced by such allies.

And now and then in vesselled pride appears
The apple's blood, that has not ceased to flow;
Wherein are "worked" the scenes of other years,
And those who prized their orchards long ago.
While sitting in its y-llow, tempting glow,
With age that causes youth in its profound,
'Tis covered o'er with Prohibition's bow,
To bar intemperate flies that hover round,
And show that earth no more in cider will be drowned.

And often, too, the snapping corn appears,
Though autumn's blasts have rudely swayed its form

And blown the withered tresses 'bout its ears,
How youthful still amid the cold and storm!
So youthful that—now wooed and waxing warm—
'Twill soon the bluff, though virgin, question pop—
Nay, thousand, with its bursting lips, while swarm
Its legions, and in battering kisses hop,
Until they, choked and spent in bursting rage, must
stop.

And Leavitt is attending to the calls
For weather signs, eclipse, and ruling sphere:
He when alive hung on the heavenly walls,
And now, when dead, doth hang immortal here.
The farmer, for intelligence and cheer,
Pursues his page with sacred confidence;
And though the weather bureaus render clear
What Leavitt fouls, he flies to his defence,
And blames the planets ere he'd Leavitt give offence.

ASPIRING GENIUS AT THE EVENING FIRE.

Though sparkling frosts may gem Night's coronet,
Here in her heart are fire and freedom's flame;
Here are that beauty, worth and honor met,
New England has, and all the world would claim;
And mid these scenes—that city splendor shame—
Oft genius feels the spark of Heavenly fire;
From worthy lore and some immortal name,
Ambition rears the child of fond desire
Until her sceptre sways o'er glory's proud empire.

O sacred fire! whose wreathing flashes twine
The laurels on aspiring Genius' head,
And destined to a nconday halo shine,
And deathless splendor on the Nation shed!
Here statesmanship has found its cradle bed;

Here eloquence its senate-thrilling fire;
Here valor sprang—for freedom braved and bled,
And here has inspiration strung the lyre,
Attaining heights to which my heart and soul aspire.

Thus as our crystal streams, obscure and lone,
Grow into manufacturer's arteries vast,
Or as our twigs to spars and masts are grown,
To bear our wealth through billow, storm and blast;
So have our sons in native vales amassed
Their energies till glory's spindles whirled,
And till their twig became a mighty mast
To bear their name in grandeur o'er the world,
Neath manhood's streamer proud and sails of love
unfurled.

OUR DAUGHTERS.

Nor can these daughters fail to stir our pride,
Whose breasts are vales whence coming heroes reap
Their harvest breath; whose eye rolls mightier tide
Than ocean under Luna's broadest steep;
For only twice a month can Luna heap
Deep ocean's breast long the repulsing shore;
But this fair Luna ever swells the deep
Of life and love all earth and ocean o'er,
And in that depth it floods the world to ebb no more.

And every grace the throbbing lyre had rung
Was nursed in her world-hallowing smiles and
sighs,

And every ill that round the cradle hung
Was soothed or banished by her lullabys.
Too proudly can the manly bosom prize

The sisters, wives and mothers of to-day,
The sisters, wives and mothers in the skies,
The sisters, wives and mothers yet to be?
Or with too grateful thrill their care and blessing
see?

How diff'rent from the "new" ones of to-day!
These raise the question of their worth and right;
They raised our sons of immortality—
Stars that reflect their mother's sacred light:
These talk equality and mental might,
Aspire to votes and power and fame's parade;
They made our homes, our hearts, and country
bright;
These seek a throne by love nor beauty made;
They ruled by simple love, the mightiest sceptre
swayed.

Such are the women who can make this earth
A paradise, and make its fellow hearts
Big shining days, and (from their dewy birth,
Through all their mid-day smiles, when trembling
starts
The sighing breath that moves the thousand parts
Of Nature's beauty in her soul divine,
Unto the weeping hour when it departs,
In dying glory on its twilight shrine)
Hold them unclouded in their love's meridian line.

Such are the women, too, who've done the part
Of heroes; have miraculously blent
Their shrinking tenderness and loving heart,
With all the daring to the warrior lent;
For they have braved all terrors that have rent

The heart and flesh, and shocked and cursed the earth:

To save their country, home and children, bent
Above the dying when a nation's mirth
Was choking in its ebbing blood and trembling worth.

And while we all the noble deeds recall
Of woman in the bold heroic ways,
And give such names as Hannah Duston all
Our bosom's pride and pencil's feeble praise;
Still we must worship the true breast that lays
Its trembling breath to Murder's blasting care,
To save its honor from the fiends that raise
Hell's banner o'er the bosom of the fair;
For death has left her virtue's blossom stainless there.

MARKET DAY.

'Tis market day, and in a prancing pace,
Appears the youngster of some standard-bred,
Which noble bloods our horses often grace,
And honor on New England horsemen shed;
Or hap the beast the grandsire long has fed,
And servant of his younger days and best;
While both, by the descending years, are led,
And each, far backward, views his primy crest,
Whereon both man and beast once only stand and
rest.

And from the harvest's womb and treasury,
The child of Industry has ample birth,
And neatly drest the market to supply,
Fresh, unadulterate, from mother earth;
The field and garden treasures, crushing dearth,
Give honor to their pioneer, the plow;
The dairy contributes its yellow worth,

And casts a gold reflection on the cow,
Who wears the Horn of Plenty on a stainless brow.

Nor should the cow receive the praise alone,
The earth-subduing plow and nature's grace,
The sun that in his growing glory shone,
And rains that laved the earth's enfevered face;
But, in these 'cumulated stores, we trace
The earnest toil given by the father's hand;
And in this wealth—grim Winter's cherished vase,
Rich blossoms of the mother's labor stand,
And show 'tis God and man together till the land.

So in the agriculture of the heart,
Thought's stirring sun and feeling's tearful rain,
May faithfully perform their wonted part,
But Resolution's self must till the plain;
And when she has a will to peer the brain,
What crops of goodness burst from all the ground!
What flowers of happiness the gardens gain!
What fields of friendship flourish all around!
And in Time's garden summer ever will abound.

FURTHER JOYS AND CARES.

And every day some worthy care is set
In labor's urn, and lofty station holds,
Whose shining fruit on evening's hearth is met,
And in the bright eyes of the herd and folds:
Thus, independent, and while leisure tolls
For rest, the farmer's winter flies away,
Till some fair morn a glance of warning rolls,
That he is wanted in the woods that day,
And, rising higher, shows him where the axe to lay.

But quickly flies the day, by nature short,
Still shorter made by labor's earnest trend;
And evening calls from labor's proud resort,
While with his footsteps vesper voices blend:
His light and fire a cheering spirit lend,
And bosoms in their magic beauty thrall;
A world's wide limits everywhere extend,
But yet this little spot is worth them all;—
This spot is home—the rest is but a rolling ball.

Though fancy far on truant wing may soar
To cull the pride a thousand climes impart,
And e'en the heavenly circles may explore,
This little circle ever holds the heart:
And far above all fashion's finest art,
The simple welcome that awaits him here;
Though entertained where costliest splendors start,
And blent with echoes of applause and cheer,
Here mortal hies t' escape that world—a flashing tear

SKATING.

Now from the indoor beauties turn without,
For, of winter's grand museum, the gayest prize;
Brisk winds along her chill and sable route,
Impel Night's car beneath the starry skies:
The Northern Lights in shifting brightness rise—
The flashing banners of the dayless clime—
'Neath which how oft exploring hero dies,
Or flies the task while yet they fly sublime,
And leaves the pole to other men and other time!

The cold and rain have wed in faithful ties,
And on the ponds their icy offspring laid;
The lusty youth have summoned their allies,
And hither have their noisy progress made;

The snapping bonfire, rich and fierce arrayed,
Upflaring throws its light and warmth around,
While, 'bove the rumbling on the icy glade,
The boist'rous shout and clatt'ring skates resound,
And from the woody shores their echoed joys rebound.

And oft our girls are sprinkled in the crowd
To season all with their sweet leavening;
And what avails the wind, or cold, or cloud,
When Youth and Joy their hearts together bring?
The heart of Youth is nature's boiling spring,
Impelling high its smiles and tears around;
Its sparkling spray sweet colors everything,
And though its colors often times confound,
Its richness grows a flower that hallows all the ground.

Ah! who is there, however far away,
Duties have urged his paths, or cruel fate,
But on some native sheen his heart will lay,
And ponder long, when he in youth did skate?
And where the joys that filled his breast elate,
Once more revived, my awkward numbers prove?
Where with a partial one, a Nell or Kate,
He from the noisy crowd apart would rove?
Where she did learn to skate, and he did learn to love?

Dear to each breast one little pond has been,
Dear to each soul one little female one;
Still sacred is one distant winter e'en,
Though on the wings of many years 'tis flown:
And though that hour eternity alone
Can hold,—likewise the charms that thrilled us there,
Will nevermore upon this earth be known;
That skating eve the brooding heart will share
Till o'er our memory is laid death's icy glare.

Since then has Winter laid his icy stage
Full oft upon that little water's glow,
And on the night's far depth has turned the page
Of cold, white stars, to light the scene below;
And gathered other skating throngs to show
Their skill and prowess on the gliding steel:
Yes, all these scenes time yearly doth bestow,
But youth and beauty, when once parted, feel
An unreturning life on nature's slowing wheel.

HOME GATHERINGS.

Some farmer's house, full lighted, sweetly throws
Inviting glances from its window eyes;
Such eyes as shine beneath New England's brows,
And speak the heart wherein her grandeur lies:
And to this heart and home each other hies,
Well-guided by anticipations's ray,
Where soon will meet full pleasure's proud allies
To banish every gloom and grief away,—
Encouraged by the kindest hospitality.

And divers forms of pleasure set their snare,
In harmless guise, to catch the hearts of all:
A Christmas tree—a neighborhood affair,
Or just a gath'ring from a social call;
Or wedding, where the dews of Heaven fall,
And close two hearts in matrimony's flower;
Or wedding anivers'ry where recall
Thoughts of the parents' distant bridal hour,
Whence grew these charming scenes—where rest our
country's power.

How beautiful that homes may thus convene!
And though the while their light and flame expire,

Each home from this bright home-uniting scene,
Will carry back a kindling light and fire :
So may the heart, when other hearts inspire,
Close up and leave her lonely house and drear ;
Dash out the flame of smouldering desire ;
Blow out its hope of faint and wav'ring leer,
And in some other bosom find a shining cheer.

AT THE DISTRICT SCHOOL HOUSE.

The lighted school-house on some rising ground,
With lustre pierces far the chilly eve,
Inviting from the neighb'ring country round,
Maidens and youths domestic calm to leave :
While jingling bells and divers voices weave
A harmony still ringing in the ear,
As o'er the hills the chilly air they cleave,
And while the shout and babble echo clear,
Until they reach the place of evening's coming

And there amid the surging various throng,
Full shortly for the spelling-match prepare ;
Beside the young, to help the joy along,
Some of the district's older ones are there ;
The choosers now, with an important air,
A youth and buxom beauty, take their stalls ;
Over the crowd they cast a searching glare,
And then in turn send forth their anxious calls
Till they complete their battle ranks along the walls.

Now 'tween the lines which battle's armor girds,
The teacher of the district doth appear,
And from his dread artillery of words,
His shot and shell are shocking to the ear ;
Now grape and canister strike unaware,

And back and forth is passed from wall to wall;
Though conq'ring here, at last is conquered there,
Till finally one side contains them all;
And then the shots will fly until the last shall fall.

Or the defaced and ancient walls may ring
With chorus of our youths and buxom fair,
Same as of old our parents used to sing,
Led by some fellow rustic's tuneful care;
Or here the neighborhood in praise and prayer,
Still often pass devotion's sacred hour!
To God they bring their doubts and trials there,
And meekly ask his mercy and his power,
And all his saving grace upon the sinner shower.

That district school-house! sacred is its form,
And haply raised by our forefathers' care,
Rocked in the invigorating wind and storm,
As since have been the hearts that labored there.
Who bended o'er its antique benches, where
Are they, and chalked its walls so long ago?
Who only could its scanty blessings share
During the yearly recess of the plow—
Gone, but the lore they drank waters their offspring
now.

Of learning may more gorgeous structures shine,
And shame the old one from its parent plains—
The Alma Mater that is dearly mine,
And where I felt the first inspiring strains;
Unshaken still its influence remains,
Based on that hardy worth it helped to rear;
The light reflected from its scanty panes,
Came pure from heav'n to never darken here,
But ever brighten in New England's zenith clear.

Oh, let my breast a longer season thrill,
As to my thought one cherished room appears!
Oh, let my soul once more that structure fill,
And hang the garlands of my love and tears!
Faces and forms are there of other years,
Who wear the garments now of time and care,
Or fill the garb that death's pale tenant wears—
Still all once more are young in mem'ry there,
In careless gaiety and beauty's blossom fair.

And ere I can my wintry theme resume,
One other schoolroom brightens in my breast,
Where, from her long recess within the tomb,
One darling form is to my bosom pressed.
Sweet angel! thine immortal part has blessed
My spirit long, while the destroying Power
Seems yielding all he ever laid to rest,
Reblossoming in thy beauty's vanished flower—
While mem'ry bids me live again one distant hour.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Now this is Saturday's declining hour;
The farmer early leaves his daily care
Within the woods, to do some needed chore,
And for the Sabbath's quiet to prepare;
While in the house, the preparations there
Disclose the steaming loaf and baking beans;
And when the petted colt or fav'rite mare
Is taken out, we know it often means
Some one returns to-night to share these tender scenes.

How lovely is to-day's descending sun!
Home filling with anticipation bright,
That soon the labor of the week is done,
And rest and loved ones will return to-night,

How welcome is thy parting, sun of light!
When from thy set a brighter will appear,
Or when thy vanishing from mortal sight,
Bespeaks that in the daughter's coming cheer,
The sweetest morn will break upon the picture here.

The furnace now, in extra measure fed,
Roars sweet in welcome to the weekly guest;
The well-trimmed lamps a brighter lustre shed,
The board is tidier and more fully drest;
With all the farmer's wholesome fair, 'tis blest,
And rounded by the mother's thrifty care;
With beans and Indian loaf the steaming crest,
And flanked around by other dainties rare,—
While all is flavored by affection's heart drops dear.

Hark! 'tis the jingle of familiar bells,
And watching proves it is the fav'rite beast;
And later now, the opening portal tells
That home is with th' expected dear one blest;
The children run with gladness unrepressed,
And all the little happenings in their mind;
While even the dog shows gladness with the rest,
And puss is pleased another lap to find—
And distant news and near no longer are confined.

While thus arriving from their weekly cares,
How to our hearts the thought will burn its way,
Of when our mothers in their maiden years
Were toiling in some distant factory!
And when we in some neigh'ring town survey
The place where boarded they so long ago,
How sacred will the place and structure be;—
A palace to our hearts, in ruin though,
While painted with the thoughts of those we cherish so!

Sweet home! the casket of the human breast!
Where cherished are the tend'rest thrills below;
Where all our sweetest hopes and mem'ries rest,
And all the surest remedies for woe.
Completed is the love-linked circle now,
Dissevered lately by some neighb'ring town:
A brighter light is smiling on each brow,
Such light as ne'er reflected from a crown,
Nor dimmed nor shamed by any monarch's pride or
frown.

The home doth now a perfect circle show,
Save in some part a haunting shadow lay,
Where Death broke in the circle long ago,
And tore a darling from the world away;
In yonder yard, where winter holds grim sway,
Some form, once lighting here, now waisting lies,
Whose smiles and tears are frozen in decay,
Forever paled whose home-illuming eyes,—
Yet on that wintry grave what lovely blooms arise.

But memory dissolves the frozen tomb,
And like the life, refills the vacant chair;
Nobly restores each death-imprisoned bloom,
And wakes again the perished voices there;
While the fond spirit, life's immortal share,
Lives in her prestige 'bove the Spoiler's power;
Her deathless smile doth cheer each weeping care,
And with a solace wing each weary hour,
And on the waste of death plant hope's eternal flower

The gentle hours of evening onward flow
Between the banks where love's sweet flow'ret blows,
And where her beacon lamps so proudly glow,
Till now their stream o'er midnight's valley flows;

When all the members hie them to repose;
Till shortly is the chamber drap'ry drawn;
Now kindly sleep does Nature's curtains close—
Her faithful guardian till the tardy morn—
To patch the vital fabric time and toil had worn.

Such is the sleep that millionaires would prove,
Such is the sleep no monarch ever knows,
Though loud the cold is cracking in the roof,
And loud the wind around the window blows;
No sounding pavement ruffles the repose,
No riot fears the pillow's calm profane,
But smoothly on the stream of slumber flows
Until it floods the morning's shiny plain,—
And round the board the home's gay circle forms
again.

THE SABBATH.

'Tis Sabbath now, and in unmarred repose
And holy hush, the notes of labor lie;
No factory bell resounds or whistle blows,
That neigh'bring towns to industry may fly;
No woodman's busy stroke or teamster's cry;
No ring and roar of forest mills we hear;
And quiet's calm is wedding earth and sky,
Save passing bells chime on the atmosphere,
Or early crow, of nearing spring the pioneer.

'Tis Sabbath now, and Morn, with glowing soul,
Stands gracious on his heavenly altar grand;
Seems in his spreading lustre to unroll
Devotion's sacred programme o'er the land;
A thousand spires with majesty's command,
Reach high to catch the Heavenly symphony,
Whose voices now in solemn depth and bland,

(The mighty organ of the world to-day)
Are calling mortal man to join the harmony.

The stern observance in the days gone by,
Of Sabbaths, from its grandeur has declined;
Still many to devotion's altar hie,
And others pass the season to their mind;
The aged in the sacred Volume find
A comfort still, as in the days of yore;
While to the fam'ly papers are inclined
The young, or over snow-clad hill and moor,
They glide with merry bells God's beauty to explore.

Still o'er New England's many a vale and hill,
With only voice divine the belfry peal,
Are ancient pews and altars 'waiting still
Who yet the old time faith and fervor feel;
Meekly, and anxious for the spirit's weal,
They journey to the long accustomed shade,
Where were their sires before them wont to kneel,
In adoration to the God that made,
And supplication for his sorrow-bearing aid.

To see the humble in their plain attire,
Burdened with troubles, years and toil and care,
Strong in Religion's simple faith and fire,
And gath'ring solace in the hour of prayer,
And hope and joy in sorrow and despair,
After the week of trials, toil and pain;
Comfort o'er those whom Death compelled them spare,
And glorious hope that they may meet again;—
Such thrill my heart, although I cannot share the
gain.

Yes, such is ever sacred to my breast,
Though, as I ought, its peace I fail to know;
In sympathy and awe my heart is blest,
And soaring 'bove the grov'ling joys below;
And such revives the scene of years ago,
When barns and stables served devotion's need;
Ere simple faith was lost in pride and show;
Ere fashion took the place of heart and deed;
When men could kneel in faith, in penitence could
bleed.

Such is the land I proudly call my own,
Such is the soil that woos my yearly plow,
Such are the scenes, to other lands unknown,
'Mong which are passed my hope and joy and woe;
Such are the hills whereon I thrill and glow,
As I afar these rural homes survey;
Such are the hearths that warm my bosom so,
And light the friends and places dear to me;
And in my heart preserve their sacred memory.

Such are the skies that bended o'er my birth,
And there must be my fate or fortune found;
And kindly will my rock-ennobled earth
Give to my bones an ever peaceful mound.
How enviable the quiet in such ground!
Where slumber they from whom our annals rose,
Though I, like them, shall never sleep renowned,
'Twere sweet to vie with them but in repose,—
For over all our dead their country's glory flows.

Such are the scenes New England's glory make,
Her poems too, when pencils peer the theme,
And in the soul divinist rapture wake,
And proudly merit genius' brightest beam:

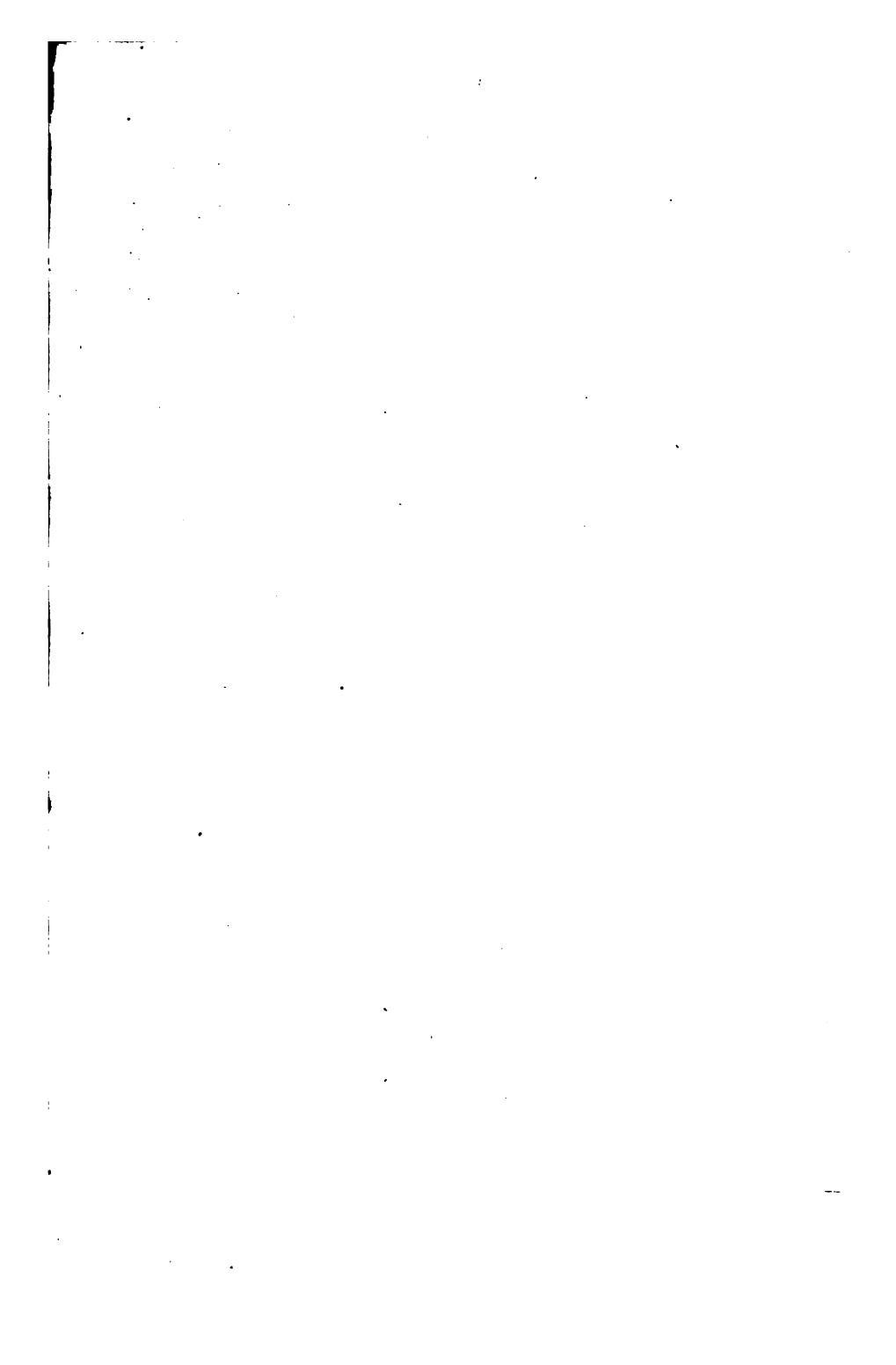
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Such are the scenes that wake this holy flame
Within my breast of beauty, love and pride,
Whence burns the wish that language cannot name,
A wish that—could its object be supplied—
Would give a fairer crown than all the world beside:

That wish is that my words could peer my theme,
And fill my verse as passion fills my veins,
And leave at last another worthy name
And fit memorial to my native plains.
With her my prayer through all her onward gains,
My pride and love deep-rooted in her sod,
I leave New England in her Sabbath strains,
(The noblest land that pilgrim ever trod)
All glorious in her homes, her annals and her God

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